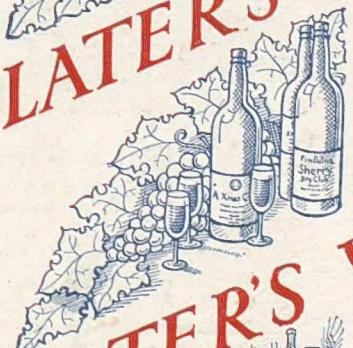
Vol. CI.—No. 1313] as a Newspaper.

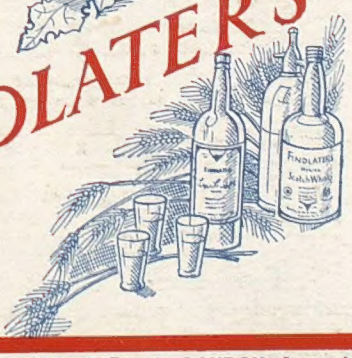
THE DOLLY SISTERS: by D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

FINDLATER'S PORT

FINDLATER'S SHERRY



FINDLATER'S WHISKY



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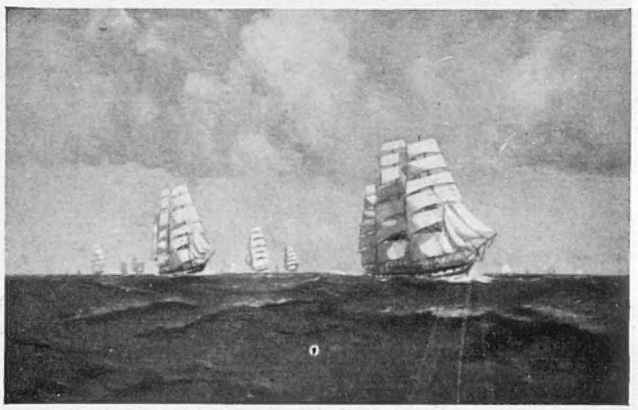

"On one occasion we had eighteen sail of square-rigged ships in sight all at once—where are they now?"—A former member of *Blair Athole's* crew.
The picture shows *Blair Athole* (1,697 tons) and the Blackwall frigate *Newcastle* (1,000 tons) in the year 1876.

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FRANK H. MASON, R.B.A.,

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The Bystander, February 27, 1929 No. 1315. Vol CI.

The BYSTANDER

"Bystander" Exclusive Colour Photograph Raphael

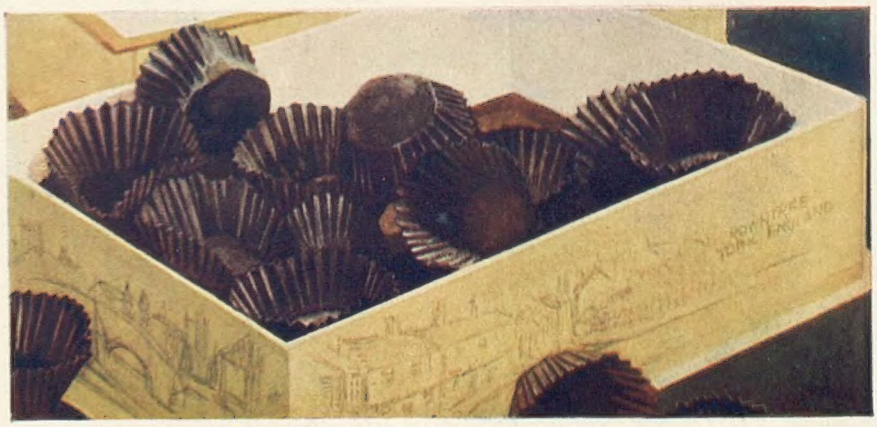
Lady Millicent Taylour, the only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, for whom a coming-out dance was given recently. She is in Ireland at present and is riding to hounds with great regularity

Happy ending to a box of

Rowntree's YORK Chocolates

Going –

Going –



Gone !

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D. B. Wyndham Lewis

writes on

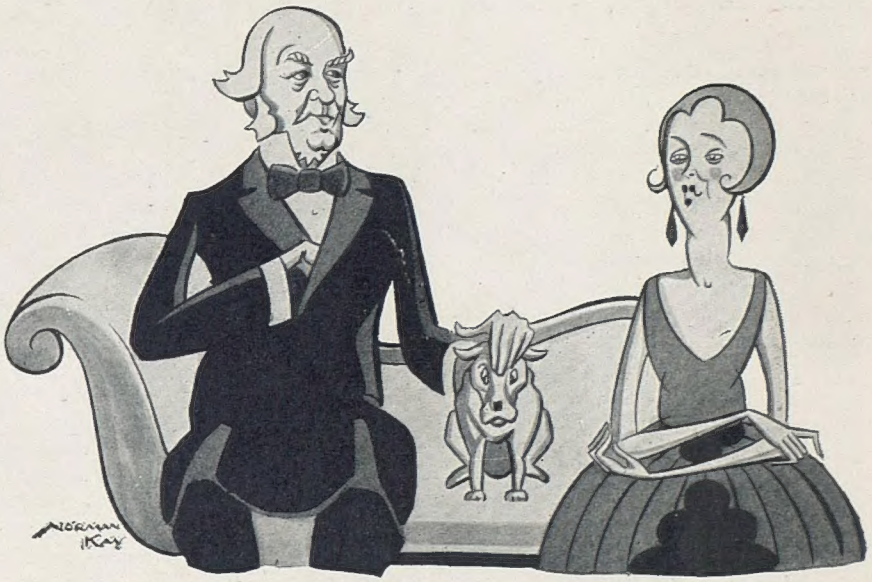
GIRLS WHO HAVE MADE HISTORY

No. 6. The Dolly Sisters

Perpetrations by NORMAN KAY

THE task before me would seem almost insuperable were it not that I am in a unique position, and enjoy special facilities for writing this brief appreciation of the historical meaning and aspect of the Dolly Sisters; for (as it happens) I myself am the "third" Dolly Sister, "Queenie" by name—better known as "The World's Sweetheart."

The fact is well known among my friends, several of whom rally me gently on it from time to time. The opening pages of my Memoirs, in which I am now engaged, have been very kindly animadverted on by many leading people, including Sir Thomas Lipton's secretary, who wrote: "Very many thanks for the manuscript, which is most interesting—the references to 'yachting' in particular. P.S.—I suppose 'poils' is a mistake for 'pearls.'" Certainly it is not! When I say *poils* I mean *poils*, as in the well-known song *A Poil of a Goil*. But to continue.



"I remember laughing with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman over it"

Several prominent people "in the know" have asked me whether the name "Queenie" is not a hardship. I can assure them that it is not. I remember laughing with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman over it, for by an odd coincidence he had a little dog named "Queenie" also.

"How interesting," exclaimed the great Liberal statesman, "that 'Queenie' should be not only the sportive *sobriquet* of a little canine, but also the somewhat bizarre, though not uneuphonious, appellation of a young woman!"

The great novelist Henry James came back at me with much the same wisecrack when I met him at Rye in 1909. He also said (if I remember rightly) that I was, objectively speaking, a "germ," a "mere disjoined and lacerated lump of life." "Life," said Henry James to me, "being all inclusion and confusion ——"

I said: "Listen, 'Snifter'"—for that was what we girls called him—"it may be for some, but not for *this* baby. And *moreover*," I said, getting a bit sore at him, "if it's *Life* that's biting you, brother, maybe this baby can spill you the lowdown on it *right now*. For *instance*," I said, getting real wild, "why ——"

"Oh, all right," said Henry James, "all right, all right, all right, all right, all *right*."

He added, deliberately, after a pause:

"That it quite obviously, that it all indubitably and bleakly and unbeguilingly, *isn't*, that the converse oh! so

"An aged woman playing the three-stringed native strumnitza"

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NEXT WEEK.

Among other Features :—

ETHEL MANNIN writes on "THE LOST LOVERS."

HANNEN SWAFFER discusses "FASHION" & FASHIONS.

GEORGE WHITELAW has a double page in full colour, which will show "CELEBRITIES AT THE CAFE ANGLAIS."

Price One Shilling.

cheeringly and unblushingly, *is*, cannot but be of the, to me personally, very brightest and stimulatingest, a 'bit'—so to speak—of 'jolly old all right.'"

"Now tell me all about yourself, old fellow," I said coaxingly, to change the subject. But I must not linger over these happy memories. My more distinguished sisters' fame demands that I should urge my willing pen to higher purpose.

. . . . . .

Not many years ago, in a little rose-covered cabin amid the bleak, snowy mountains of Galicia, an aged woman with worn but kindly aquiline features sat rocking to and fro, humming a hymn tune and playing the three-stringed native *strumnitza*. Her dark eyes were still bright. Her diet was mainly cheese. Around her knees played a little child named Trinka—short for Rebecca; and ever and anon the kind old soul ceased playing and embraced the child, saying, with one finger pointed up to the blue sky:

"Where Muvver don, Trinka?"

And the child would lisp:

"*Mon-Tikarlo.*"

For that is the native word for Heaven. When my sisters Rosie (or "Jenny," as she is sometimes called) and Jenny (or "Rosie") were first elected Governors of New Jersey, I reminded them of this pretty incident, for little Trinka (now better known as Miss Ethel Effingham Howard, of New York) was (and is) a playmate of ours. My sisters replied briefly: "You gotta hand it to that kid." At that moment—we were sitting in the Governors' private office—there was a knock at the door, and a Democratic deputation filed in to ask Governors Rosie and Jenny K. Dolly to stand for Presidents.

He bowed with old-world charm

"Are you strong for the Putnick Whapney Tariff Amendment?" asked the leader.

"Yope," answered the Governors curtly.

"Sing it," interrupted a suspicious old Kentucky delegate.

"Don't be *absurd*, Sidney," said a gentleman from Yonkers, rebuking him. "How can Governors Dolly sing a silly old-fashioned thing like that? Perhaps," he added, bowing with old-world charm, "the Governors will give us a bit of a whirl instead?"

"If it's all right with you, boys," said the genial Governors, "it's the cat's* with us."

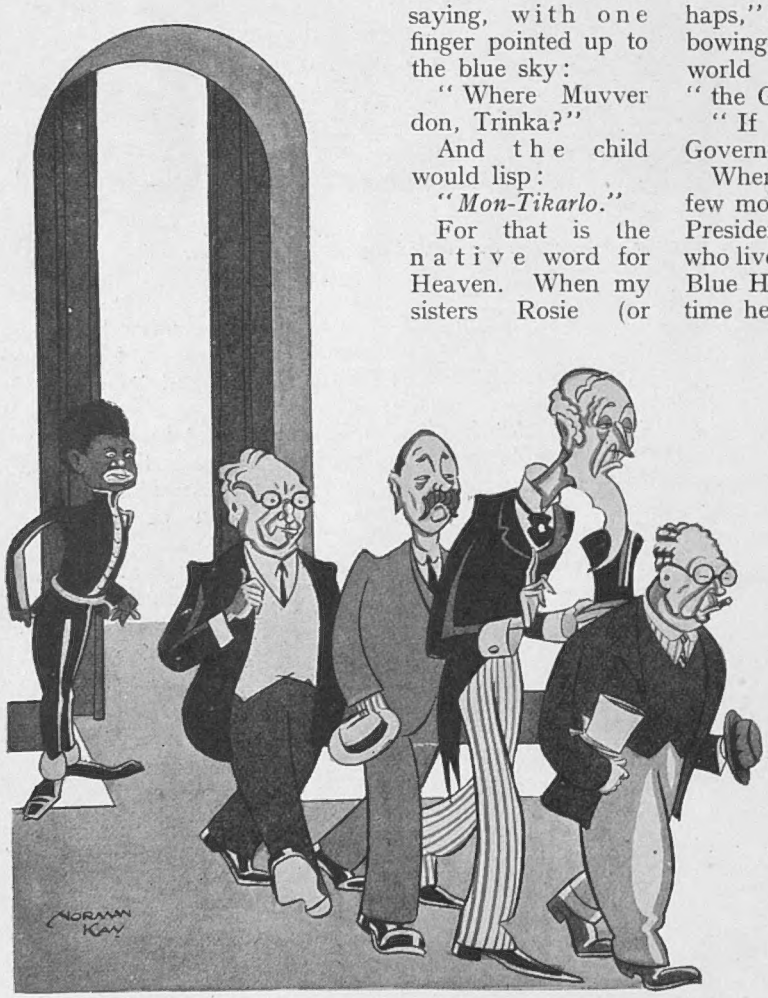
Whereupon an enjoyable dance was had by all. A few months later my sisters entered the White House as Presidents, and shortly afterwards the King of Sweden, who lived in Monte Carlo (known to him and them as "My Blue Heaven"), wrote to them describing the enjoyable time he was having there. "We," he added in a post-script, "are staying here—marked with an X." Within a year of that time my sisters had been begged to accept the crown of Monaco, to which offer they replied, "Swell." They have lived there practically ever since, gaining golden opinions by their winning manner.

And now, what of myself—what of "Queenie" Dolly? I can only say that my *rôle* has ever been to efface myself, to live a quiet, girlish life, far away from the garish lights and the green tables. Some time ago, in order to escape the Royal honours and official receptions and Government banquets which are my sisters' daily lot, I took the pseudonym of "D. B. Wyndham Lewis." Was I right? A girl can never tell! Suffice it to say that my many friends have rallied round me loyally, and that my most treasured relic is a tiny wisp of dark, curly hair, tied with a piece of faded silk ribbon, on which the words are still legible: ". . . TON HORSE SHOW, 1908. COMMENDED." That, and my love for wild flowers, more than compensate.

Am I right?

Who can say?

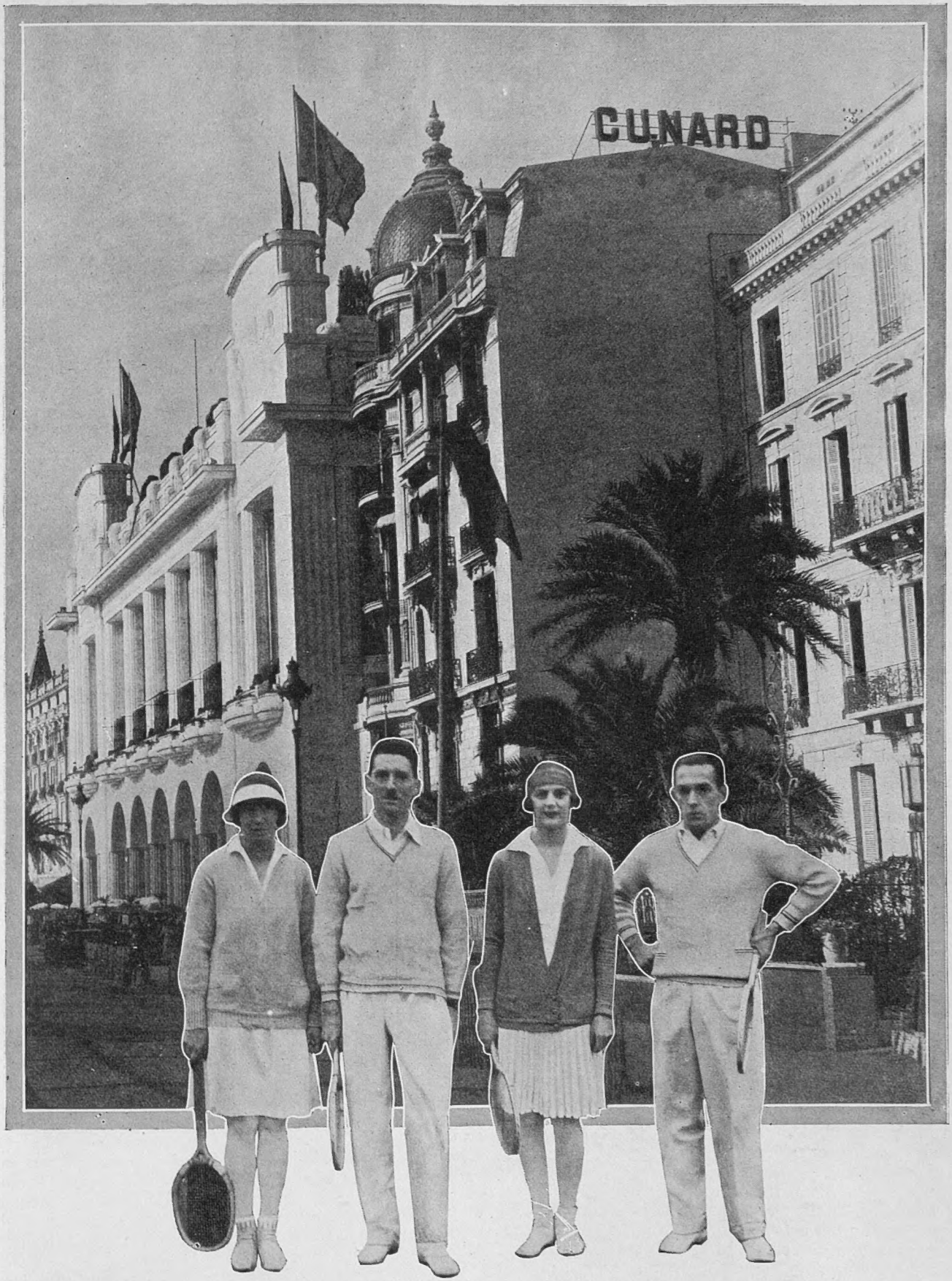
D. B. W. L.



"A Democratic deputation filed in

* *i.e.* pyjamas

TWO ATTRACTIONS AT CANNES



The fine building seen above is the palatial new Mediterranean Casino which was recently opened at Cannes and which is justifiably popular with visitors who like a flutter. Sport also plays a large part in the social activities, the Gallia Club's Lawn Tennis Tournament being an outstanding event, and four famous players who took part in it this year are seen above. They are J. Brugnon (left), Miss Boyd, Miss Eileen Bennett and Henri Cochet

who when & where

A picturesque desert scene at Biskra. This popular holiday resort on the edge of the Sahara is always well patronised by British and American visitors. A camel excursion, as seen here, is one of the most popular of the amusements

The Marchioness of Milford Haven and Lady Louis Mountbatten are spending a motoring holiday in North Africa. They are seen here enjoying the sunshine at Bona, on the Mediterranean

Instant Response

THE rejoicing, I hear from Rome, amongst what used to be the Black party, is universal, and palaces which have been closed for fifty-nine years are being opened for *fêtes* and parties in honour of the great event. Palazzo Colonna led the way with a reception at which the guests passed through the great gateway to the famous fresco gallery, where they were received by Prince and Princess Colonna, through a line of footmen in gala livery, each holding a lighted torch. There have never been so many Cardinals present at one party since the Unification, and I am told that the scene, with their Eminences' brilliant scarlet robes, and the uniforms of the Diplomatic Corps, was unparalleled. Cardinal Gasparri and the Pope's sister and niece, the Countess Ratti and the Marchesa Persichetti Ugolini, were amongst the guests.

Also the great doors of Palazzo Lanceolotti, which were closed on the day, in 1870, when the Italian troops entered Rome and have remained closed ever since in sign of perpetual mourning, have been flung wide open. And from the balcony above flutter the Papal and the Italian flags! Twenty years ago nothing short of a miracle could bring such a thing to pass.

Mrs. Langtry's Voice

IN all the notices of the death of Mrs. Langtry (Lady de Bathe) I have seen no reference to the magical beauty of her voice. Myself, I always thought that the combination of this wonderful voice with her physical beauty was the secret of her irresistible charm. On the stage it lost some of its quality. But in conversation it was so entrancing that, as a great admirer once said, "If Mrs. Langtry just said the alphabet all through it would be a joy to listen to her."

The voice was perfectly clear, every syllable being sounded, but at the same time there was a fascinating huskiness in it which gave particular point to her very keen observations upon men and affairs.

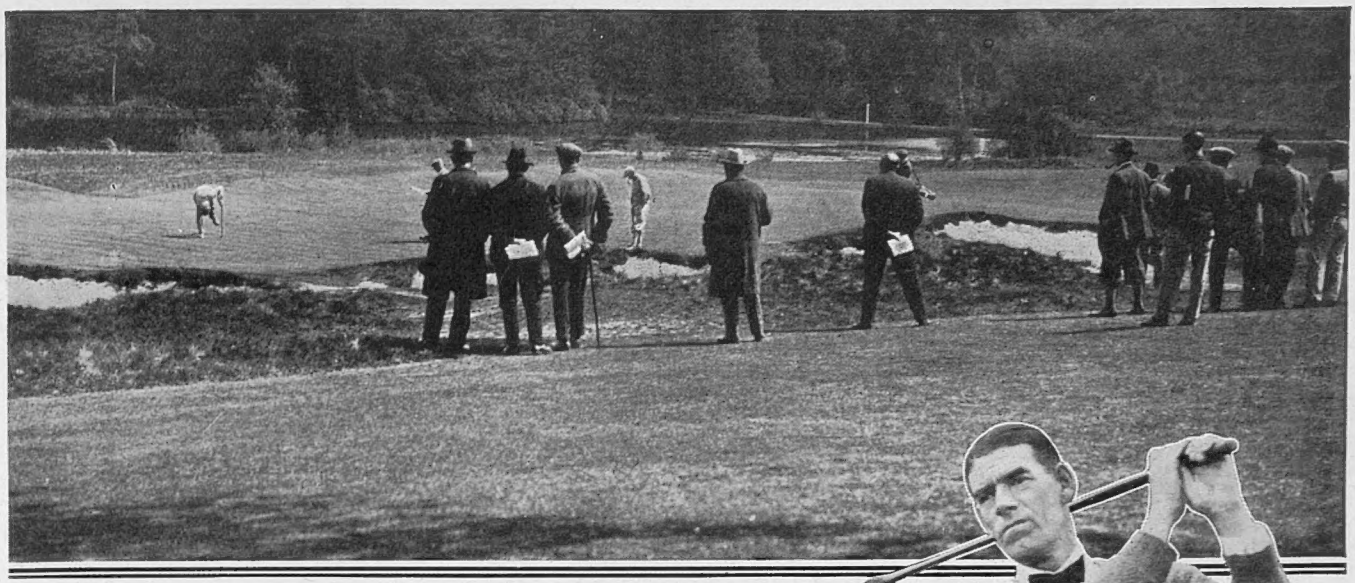
One thing is certain. Mrs. Langtry's historic capture of London Society in a single evening could not be repeated to-day, let the woman be even more beautiful. To begin with, Society is far too large, and after that the universal use of face-cream, powder, eye-black, and the lip-stick has so standardised women's complexions that there is no contrast for a dazzling natural complexion such as Mrs. Langtry had when she went to London parties in her one black evening gown and people stood on chairs to look at her.

The Caledonian Ball

I AM asked by the Duke and Duchess of Atholl to let you know that the Royal Caledonian Ball will take place on Monday, July 1, at the Hotel Cecil. This is the eighty-first year of the ball, which, as you know, is given annually in aid of the Royal Scottish Corporation and Royal Caledonian Schools. The Duke and Duchess have been presidents of the ball for many years.

For Charity's Sake

THE means employed for charity's sweet sake seldom extract



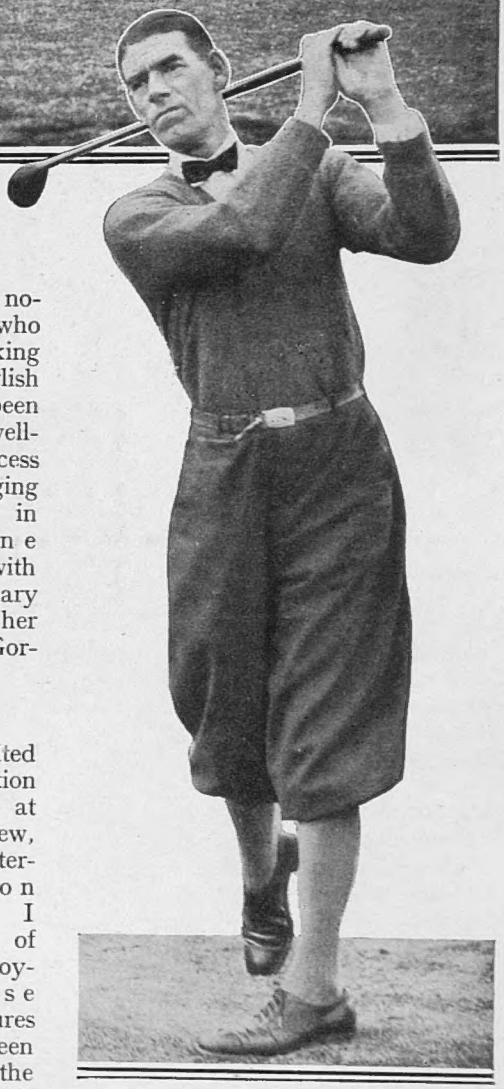
A view of the eighteenth hole at Wentworth Club, Virginia Water, the venue of THE BYSTANDER *Golf Competition on March 20. G. T. Adams (Hampstead) is seen here putting during the Professional Golfers' Association's Tournament*

enthusiasm as well as cheques. Amateur and professional matinées, jewel and dress parades, dances, cabarets, and many other well-tried devices are attended with little eagerness, but rather from kindness of heart and a stern sense of duty. So that when charity does evolve an ingenious means of encompassing its ends nobody is more glad than the people who are expected to give. I am thinking of the Loan Exhibition of English Decorative Art, which has been gathered together by a number of well-known people, including Princess Wiasemsky, who assisted in arranging the treasures in Lansdowne House, lent with the customary generosity of her father, Mr. Gordon Selfridge.

A new picture of Mrs. Minoprio with her baby daughter Imogen. Mrs. Minoprio is the only daughter of Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, the world-famous author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Rupert of Hentzau"

Crowded Out

I HAVE visited the exhibition twice, once at the private view, and again afterwards, but on each occasion I was foiled of complete enjoyment of these rich treasures that have been lent to assist the Invalid Children's Aid Association by the throngs of people. The private view might well have been that of the Royal Academy, where it is always nothing less than a severe test of physical and mental endurance to see the pictures for the people. So it was at Lansdowne House. Hardly had I indulged my admiration for a mechanical model, this being the model of the State coach built for George III's consort, than my feet were swept onwards past tapestries and embroideries and the four remarkable busts of Henry VIII, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and Edward VI, to come to a short standstill before a beautiful oak chest that I vaguely knew I had seen before. On



A photograph of the inimitable "Geordie" Duncan making a drive. It is probable that Duncan will play for THE BYSTANDER *Golf Trophy at Wentworth on March 20*

MINISTERS SMILE AFTER NARROW SQUEAK

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, Lord Hailsham and Sir Samuel Hoare seen on their way to the Cabinet meeting at No. 10, Downing Street after the Government's narrow escape over the Irish Reparations. Lord Hailsham and Sir Samuel Hoare, like the Prince of Wales, favour the Astrachan coat

looking at my catalogue I found I was right. It had been loaned to the exhibition by Sir Edward Barry, and I had often seen it years ago in Ockwells Manor, his house near Bray.

Morbid Relics

As I turned from this exhibit to the somewhat morbid relics of Charles I's last hours on earth—a beautiful silver chalice from which he received Communion before his execution, a pearl ear-ring taken out of his ear after he was beheaded, and a gold tooth pick, all lent by the Duke of Portland—I found myself next to the Dowager Lady Lansdowne. It must surely have been strange for her to visit the house which for so many years was her home and for almost as many years the historic background of that decade of magnificent political receptions and balls in which she always played so particular a part.

The Princess Royal and the Princesses Helena Victoria and Marie Louise, who also attended the private view, were others who knew Lansdowne House in its former days. The Princess Royal was with her daughter, Lady Maud Carnegie, and they were conducted through the rooms during their tour of inspection by Lady Holford, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, with whom was her daughter, Lady Titchfield, and the Duchess of Roxburghe, all members of the committee, and all of whom have been working very hard and enthusiastically for many months past to bring the exhibition into being.

The Female Electorate

My second visit coincided with the arrival of what appeared to be the majority of the female electorate of South Kensington. I was forced to the conclusion that if all women work for their candidates with the vigour and determination with which they obtained a view of the Lansdowne exhibition I feel that men as a political force in this country are a dwindling power. However, buffeted and bumped, I struggled a way through to admire some valances in exquisite *petit* point and as brilliant in colouring as if the needles had been withdrawn but yesterday instead of three hundred years ago. I also found a Victorian settee, lent by Mr. Arnold Bennett from his London house, where, by the way, every room is furnished in a different period.

Sorrows of Sportsmen! A member of the Australian Bowlers team when on tour in Otaki, New Zealand, rubs noses with a Maori maiden instead of giving her the kiss of peace

A charming photograph of Mrs. Law, adopted daughter of the late Sir Thomas Western and Lady Western, who married last week Mr. Edward Desmond Cooper Law, son of the late Lieut.-Col. Alfred Law and of Mrs. Law, of Hartingfordbury, Herts

Another very interesting discovery I made was a bill of "Mr. J. B. Cipriani . . . for painting twenty-four figures in the circular room at the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Shelburne's House in Berkeley square, December 1776.

At two guineas each figure £50 8s.
Ditto for a sky in the same room . . . . . £5 5s."

Although Cipriani, a Florentine, who came to London as the friend of Bartolozzi, the engraver, worked for the Duke of Richmond, repaired the

LAWN TENNIS BEAUTY ON THE RIVIERA

Miss Virginia Rice, the well-known American lawn tennis player, seen at the Gallia Club at Cannes

Miss Joan Ridley, who has been enjoying her lawn tennis on the Riviera this season. She is an example of how Great Britain's sportswomen can combine beauty with skill at games

Mrs. F. M. Strawson seen in an attractive lawn tennis pose on the Riviera. She and Miss Ridley (below) were members of the team selected to play Denmark at Copenhagen

Rubens ceiling in Whitehall Chapel, the Verrio frescoes at Windsor, and did the Royal Academy Library, had a greater reputation during his lifetime than after it, I imagine many would willingly give a hundred times five guineas for one of his ceilings to-day.

The only criticism one can express upon the exhibition is that it was kept open for too short a time.

Men and Horses

AFTER being involved in this violent feminine onslaught upon the pictures, plate, and furniture, I felt I needed some tangible reassurance as to the existence of the other sex, and I made my way to the Royal Agricultural Hall, where men and horses occupied almost undisputed territory, though I did see one woman amidst the farmers in the stands at this Jubilee Shire Horse Show. This was Mrs. Stanton, of Snelston Hall, Ashbourne, who was exhibiting in more classes than any of her male competitors! What magnificent animals these Shire horses are! Even when they have grown to the maximum in girth and muscle they can yet move with almost the elegance of a trotting hackney. Sir Walter Gilbey, president for this year's Jubilee Show, was to be recognised as easily by the amazing curl to the rim of his bowler as by his gay buttonhole. Whether it was due to his suggestion I cannot say, but a platform had been placed in the middle of the ring on which the judges might stand. The temporary tannin surface is extremely tiring to walk about on for long. Loud-speakers to announce the name of the winners, among whom the King was one, seemed incongruous amidst the country accents of the more distant Shires and far Wales and Scotland, but no more so, I suppose, than a motor plough amidst the stubble.

"The Bystander" Golf Trophy

THE resignation of George Duncan as professional to Wentworth Golf Club in order that he may give all his time to practising for the match against America has stirred up considerable argument among golfers as to whether it is better for a club to have an average professional who is always available for members, or one who is a star player and constantly away competing in tournaments and matches. Most clubs meet this problem by employing a second but less-skilled professional, and for those where economy is of consideration I should imagine a first-class professional who is away playing in matches during the summer months would consent to work for a reduced salary in order that he might maintain his connection with his club during the barren winter months.

It is at Wentworth Golf Club, incidentally, that the "BYSTANDER £500 Trophy for Mixed Foursomes" will be played for over thirty-six holes on Wednesday, March 20. A partnership consists of a professional and a lady member of the same club, and I am hoping that George Duncan's resignation will not preclude his playing in this competition. Wentworth is one of Surrey's best courses, and, golf apart, it is set amidst the most beautiful surroundings.

Miss Madge Yorke, who, on April 23, is to marry Mr. Alfred L. Weenen. Mr. Weenen is a Director of the United Kingdom Tobacco Company

SOME DELIGHTFUL LITTLE PEOPLE

John, the little son of Lady Mabel Hamilton-Stubber, and Rosemary, the second daughter of Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor, pose for the camera man

The Hon. George Lascelles, the elder son of Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, seen out for a ride on his pony. This young gentleman recently celebrated his sixth birthday

The Hon. Robin Plunket, the second son of Lord and Lady Plunket, and grandson of the ever-youthful Fannie Ward (Lady Plunket's mother), is seen here in a Peter Pan-ish setting

Miss Anne Stopford, the little granddaughter of the Earl of Courtown. She is the daughter of Mrs. Charles Craig, formerly the Hon. Mrs. Stopford

BY JACK GREENALL

"I hear that Harold and Emily are going to be married"
"Worse than that! They're planning to set up house together, too!"

WAR, SUGAR &

CLARE EAMES as NURSE WAYLAND

JOURNEY'S END—in handsome profits! Yes! But before young Maurice Browne, greatly daring, chose this play as his initial venture into management at the Savoy Theatre, who would have thought that, both from the financial as well as the artistic point of view, the move was a wise one?

NOT the experts, assuredly! Without exception dramatic critics lauded this play to the skies when privately produced, but doubted whether more than a handful of people would pay to see it.

I neither praised nor doubted, for the reason that I first saw *Journey's End* on its first night at the Savoy. But had I seen it previously I think I should have fallen into the same error through under-rating the intelligence of the public—which comes of having one's judgment blunted by attending first nights and noting the rubbish which is so often received with equal acclamation!

WHAT is in this play which makes it such an outstanding success that the libraries have broken all records by purchasing sixteen thousand pounds' worth of tickets? If any of us knew that for certain we could make a tidy fortune by advising managers what and what not to produce, for they need advice badly!

With an assured success in front of us we can only analyse—and surmise—its cause.

FROM *Journey's End* we can deduce several things. For instance, that a love interest is not essential to success. That a cast of men alone can carry on the interest in a play—a fact recognised by the late Basil Macdonald Hastings in *The New Sin*, but not recognised by the public. Strangest of all, that a plot is unnecessary, for of plot *Journey's End* has but little or none.

WHAT, then, sends the public clamouring to the Savoy box-office while they give a wide berth to that at His Majesty's, where *Beau Geste*, another "sort of war" play, is an expensive failure? The answer may be found in the fact that *Journey's End* is less like a play than a deeply interesting slice of life, while *Beau Geste*, despite sumptuous production, has no more life in it than a dead Dervish.

WHILE at the Savoy you forget you are in a theatre. Thanks to the author, the producer and the vivid acting, you find yourself far from the Strand; a being from another world in a dug-out near St. Quentin deeply interested in the fates and fortunes of *people you know*.

PEOPLE you know; people who interest you; people who are in imminent danger. Try your hand at writing a play round these, and it is possible you may also secure a success, provided always—and here is the slight snag—you can portray incident and character with the supreme skill of Mr. R. C. Sherriff!

"Quality Street" at the Haymarket

THIS early Barrie has been revived at the Haymarket Theatre, and at this time of day there is little fresh which can be said about it. If you appreciate sugar—sugar used wholesale to coat a quite improbable story and equally improbable characters—a visit to this theatre will probably prove most enjoyable, for Barrie, though rather overdoing it, uses his sugar deftly.

To my taste this concoction possesses a surfeit of sweetness, and a dash or two of bitters in this fairy story—which has nothing Grimm about it—would improve the flavour.

AS *Quality Street* was written twenty-six years ago in a pen dipped in saccharine, and as it has proved completely to the public taste, it is hardly likely to be altered at this time of day, but I wish that, in one particular instance, the acting in this revival had been more in key with the play.

CLOSE UP of RICHARD BIRD'S TEARS.

THE principal part of Phœbe was taken by Angela Baddeley, who seemed neither attuned to the Napoleonic period nor in sympathy with the character. Fay Compton has shown us the perfect Phœbe, and because it was a perfect performance we were the more easily able to swallow the sentiment and accept the story. Angela Baddeley's lips, of a verity, seldom dripped honey. She reminded me more of a modern miss somewhat peeved at not being offered a cocktail!

BURLESQUIE

By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches of "The Sacred Flame" by H. H. HARRIS

IT was lucky that Hilda Trevelyan was at hand, even in a small part, to show how Barrie should be handled, and this distinguished member of the old school shared the honours with one of the modern, Francis Lister, whose Captain Valentine Browne was entirely satisfying.

The scene in the Blue Room, through the windows of which the old-world Quality Street can be glimpsed, is as charming a picture as one could wish to see.

"Fashion" at the Kingsway

WHAT I enjoyed most about *Fashion*, which, after being seen at the Gate Theatre, has been staged for a run at the Kingsway, are the interpolated songs and music. Though some of them could hardly have been composed when a certain Mrs. Mowatt wrote this comedy satirising New York Society. "You should see me dance the Polka," for instance, was written in the 'eighties, while a Sousa march is still more modern.

PLAYED in a spirit of burlesque, in a setting which resembles the toy theatre of one's youth, the sentimental songs in *Fashion* are sung with all due seriousness and sound extremely funny. Beds of sickness, and deep, deep graves, which appear to have been favourite themes in those far-off days, then doubtless drew tears of sorrow. Now they draw tears of laughter!

AN instance of how the meaning of words changes is provided by a duet in which the lady implores the gentleman to "Call me pet names—call me a bird"! If any youth ventured thus to describe his best girl nowadays he would—to use the modern vernacular—in all probability get a sock on the jaw! But laugh as we may at these old songs, will they really sound more silly than those sung nowadays to an audience seventy years hence? A disturbing thought! This original and entertaining show, in which all the company work with a will, is well worth a visit, and I particularly commend to your notice Violet Lyel, who, I predict, will make a big name for herself. She has in her composition the spirit of the comic muse.

A Success

I AM very glad to hear that Gladys Cooper has scored a success with *The Eternal Flame* at the Play-

LONDON'S LATEST ACTRESS-MANAGERESS

An unusual glimpse of Jack Buchanan and Elsie Randolph singing one of their duets in "That's a Good Girl." The photograph was taken from the wings at the London Hippodrome during an evening performance

house, sketches from which will be found on these pages. Some of our highbrows who worship at the altar of Glaspell, Kapek, and such-like moderns may sneer at Somerset Maugham's play because it is old-fashioned and theatrical.

GOOD construction and the telling of a story in a straightforward way—a story in which characters appear whom we can recognise and in whom we are interested—may be old-fashioned because it happens that few modern dramatists possess the craftsmanship and skill of their seniors. Quite apart from characterisation they do not know how to tell a story effectively.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM *does* know. When seeing any of his plays one never feels that this scene is too long or that too short; that something has been omitted which ought to have been kept in. He knows the goal at which he is aiming, and in the telling of his tale he never lets the interest flag. His balance is perfect.

I DO not believe that the last word in construction has yet been spoken. It may be that, in the future, some dramatist will arise who will improve upon the methods of his elders, just as, from this angle, an enormous improvement has been made by these elders as compared with their predecessors. But until such a new dramatist *does* arrive I am quite content to see the "old-fashioned" craftsman at work, and doing his work like an artist.

A Plunge into Management

THE theatre has suffered so much at the hands of syndicates, the directors of which may possess a knowledge of the Stock Exchange but precious little about plays, that the return of the actor-manager is a matter for rejoicing.

MARY CLARE—who is associated with J. T. Kealy, who was for many years Sybil Thorndike's right-hand man—is the latest to make the plunge, and presented last Sunday at the Arts Theatre a revival of *The Likes of 'Er*, by Charles McEvoy, who did not live long enough to see the production. This amusing play, in which many who acted in it previously have been engaged, will in due course be presented for a run at a West End theatre, when it will be time enough to speak more fully of it.

IN the issue of this paper dated February 13 the picture of the bully, Ramon Mendez, in *Beau Geste*, was inadvertently labelled Tony de Lungo. The portly form and horrific appearance of this *Légionnaire* are the property of another actor, Charles de Castella. Apologies to both parties.

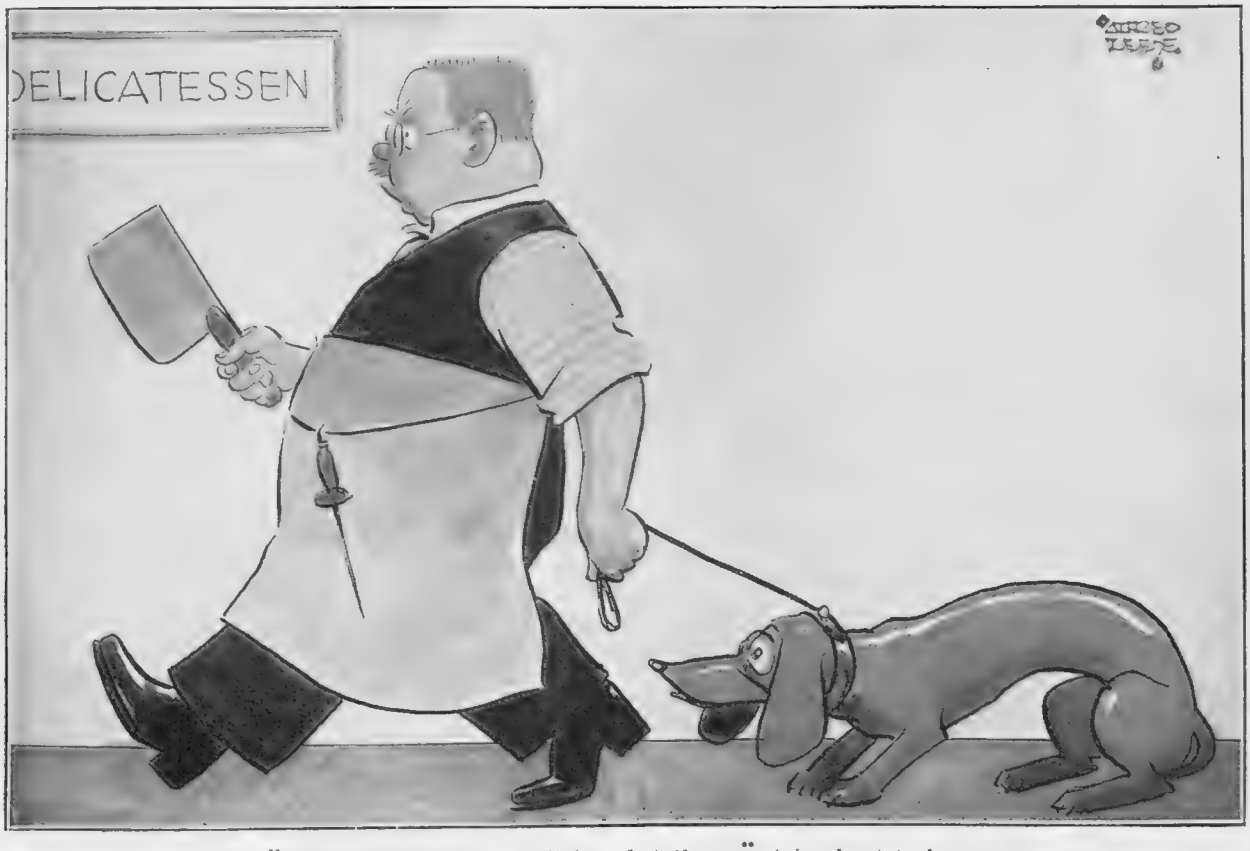
V. W.

Photographs *Sasha*

Georges Carpentier with three members of the company who play with him in a musical medley on the Halls. The plot is arranged to allow him the opportunity of giving a display of boxing

Life in Germany—Alfred Leete's Idea

Young Berliner going to the "Bad"



Düsseldorf Dachsbund realising that the würst is about to happen

FILM FANCIES

MIXED MORALS on PEARLY SHORES

By AUBERON

Monte Blue and Raquel Torres, the two principals in "White Shadows in the South Seas." The sound effects in this film add largely to its effectiveness

"White Shadows in the South Seas"

"WHITE Shadows in the South Seas" is a wonderful film, and impressed me most favourably when I saw it at the Regal Theatre the other day.

PRIMITIVE life in the South Pacific Islands, when native after native risks his life pearl fishing a hundred times a day to satisfy the white man's greed, and a simple love interest between a derelict doctor and native girl form the greater part of the story.

THERE is, however, a serious undercurrent running throughout showing the horrors that overtake native lives, once the "white shadows" have them in their grip. Greed, lust, cruelty, and disease! These are the natives' lot when civilisation enters their existence.

THE scenic effects are a veritable triumph for the filming industry, especially the "shots" taken under water. Mr. W. S. Van Dyke, the director, has accomplished a work of art from every point of view, and the whole production is intensely human—made even more arresting by the skilful and judicious use of sound effects.

MONTE BLUE as the beachcomber doctor who has sunk low through drink, but with his better instincts still unshaken, tries to save the innocence and happiness of his coloured friends, and is killed in consequence by a rascally English pearl trader. It is no exaggeration to say that in this part Monte Blue certainly gives the best performance of his long and varied career on the screen.

HIS sympathy and understanding with the natives, as opposed to the bitter hatred he feels for his own race, make for an interesting character study, which was most admirably portrayed by the actor. The way he manages to portray a sense of camaraderie with the natives without descending to bathos is very creditable.

RAQUEL TORRES, the attractive Mexican "discovery" who stars for the first time in this film, is a very dainty, "dusky" maiden, and looks delightful in her picturesque native attire. She acts with a considerable amount of charm, and in a poignant little scene at the finish when she stands alone in a severe black dress by the graveside of her dead lover is one especially worthy of notice.

Another scene from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, "White Shadows in the South Seas." The producer, Mr. W. S. Van Dyke, has achieved a notably artistic success with this picture of the South Seas

Sasha

A recent photograph of charming Angela Baddeley, who is the new Phœbe Throssle in the recent revival of "Quality Street" at the Haymarket Theatre. She will be seen in the two plays that will follow Barrie's charming comedy at the same theatre

HOW ENGLAND'S YOUTH FACED

K. N. Graham breaking the tape at the finish of the School Mile at Eton. This classic event was run in bitter weather

The arrival of Jack Frost could not in any way deter these hardy girls from the Excelsior Swimming Club from their favourite recreation. They are seen clearing lumps of ice from the pond at Kenwood prior to bathing under Spartan conditions

The Minehead Harriers, like all hounds, are reduced to a constitutional, sport everywhere being held up by the unexampled frost

CHEERILY 28 DEGREES OF FROST

Mr. Harcourt Gold, the Oxford Coach, giving some hints to the crew when out for a practice spin at Henley with the thermometer nearing zero Oxford are showing most promising form of late

The Cambridge crew took their boat down to Goring when the Cam froze They are seen in a particularly picturesque setting of winter-covered banks and hills

Miss L Walker-Harrower, the British film star and dancer, seen in a graceful pose on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens. Skating was general throughout the country

if gossip we

WHAT, in Heaven's name, do the Labour Party want those whom they are so fond of dubbing "the idle rich" to do with their lives?

A few days ago Miss Juliet Gardner, eldest daughter of the late Lord Burghclere—the peerage became extinct in 1921—advertised that she would accept a secretarial post. A reporter sought her out, and to him she explained, quite simply, that she was seeking work because she required it, and because the money accruing therefrom would enable her to live.

This seemed to rouse the official Labour Press, *The Daily Herald*, to wit, to no little indignation. They turned on one of their scribes to the extent of nearly a column of ponderous sarcasm. Over the fact that Miss Gardner had already been working eight hours a day in a shop this person rose to dizzy heights of fun, consistently referring to her, with no little wit, as "the Honourable Juliet."

THAT this is so frequently the attitude of the democratic party—(Liberty, Equality and Fraternity and all that sort of thing) towards those who are not of their own political creed, or who may be fortunate or unfortunate enough to have a gentleman for a father, is my only excuse for turning the limelight once more on Miss Gardner's private affairs. There is all the illogical malice in it that we find in the French Revolutionary writers.

The Daily Herald cannot have it both ways; it cannot damn those whom it prefers to label "the idle rich" and then damn them again for trying to cease to be idle. But this is precisely what it does do, displaying thereby class-consciousness of the pettiest type.

There was, I remember, a similarly puerile attack from the same quarter when Mrs. Richard Norton managed a picture palace in Regent Street.

Three German girls members of the Berlin Open Air Gymnastic School who refused to be frozen out of their daily exercise in the forest at Grunewald. Far from being upset by the cold, they are quite toxophilite-hearted

The temperature may have been below zero at Oslo, but spirits remained high. To the young all things are fun

THANK goodness London theatres are not as those in Paris, which are centrally over-heated to the extent of sending those among the audience who are not used to the lack of air and the thermometer at boiling point staggering to the street in a moribund condition during the *entr'actes*.

I once found Sir Arthur Pinero gasping and apoplectic outside the Champs Elysées theatre, though that may have been the play.

But the icy chill that swept over the stalls the moment the curtain rose on *Mr. Cinders* at the Adelphi *première*—and remained there—went

must

a long way towards cooling the enthusiastic reception that play would probably otherwise have had. Sir George Tallis's venture looks fairly satisfactory, however, and though there were demands for a speech, Tallis's responses were not in evidence.

No, the street near Fleet Street was named after another Tallis.

AFTER she has made a trip to Paris to get some clothes—she took fifty hats to America a few weeks ago, but now, poor soul! declares that she "has nothing at all to wear"—June is to be married, according to her own announcement, in a City church. I am rather wondering what church this can be. Not that June's own position affects the matter one way or the other; but Lord Inverclyde has been through the Divorce Court, and a church wedding is difficult after that little escapade, however convincing the explanatory story may be. I always had an idea that the Savoy Chapel was the only way out, other than a Registry Office. A famous musical comedy couple a few years ago sent out invitations for All Souls', Langham Place. But at the eleventh hour the clergy jibbed, and the Savoy Chapel it had to be.

The chapel is very tiny, but there will probably be room for Anita Elson as bridesmaid.

I THINK Mr. Gene Tunney has blotted his copybook rather badly in blotting out, temporarily, the vision of a photographer who sought to snap him on the promenade at Cannes.

Gene is now in a secure position in every way, but publicity was a mighty help to him in achieving it, and it was not very kind of him to bowl over a member of the craft which has helped the world to know what Gene looks like; nor was it particularly gallant, since I have only known one Press photographer of really robust physique, and he ruined it with whisky and died years ago.

The last time I met Gene Tunney he was surrounded by pressmen and photographers, and did not hit one of them. Harry Preston was the host, accompanied by his usual journalistic smile, but Gene was over an hour late for this dinner in his honour at the Piccadilly Hotel, so perhaps he hadn't time.

BUT I doubt whether Tunney is really the "wee, cowrin', timorous beastie" one would gather from the Cannes episode.

He once accompanied a famous writer on boxing and my non-boxing self to a well-known Bohemian club which takes no count of celebrities, whatever the brand. Our entrance caused no stir. We took our seats at a small table, but no one looked at us.

"Do you think anyone realises who I am?" asked Tunney, rather anxiously.

"Yes," I said, "I believe that waiter does."

And the great man sulked for the rest of the meal.

POOR Lord Clancarty was dogged all his life by ill-luck, and on one occasion he got into serious trouble financially.

He was widely envied many years ago

THE MANXMAN AT MONTE

Sir Thomas and Lady Hall Caine with their youngest daughter, Elin, on holiday at Monte Carlo. The rugged Isle of Man around Greeba Castle proves a marked contrast to the roulette tableland of the Riviera

By Starr Wood

"I've lost my spectacles Shall I have to be examined all over again?"
"Oh no, dear. Only your eyes!"

Beverley Adams, one of the three clever sisters who are putting our Mrs. Grundys to shame—if such a thing is indeed possible—in "Down with Dora" This clever supper show is proving a big success at the Trocadero Grill Room

if_ gossip_

"My new maid is understanding."
"Oh! When does she start?"

for having secured the beauteous Belle Bilton as a bride, but, in the words of the music-hall song of the day, "It wasn't all lavender," though I believe there was a reconciliation, and they were together when she died.

The late peer was a tall, good-looking man, rather like an actor in appearance. Can it be that his ill-luck was due to the fact that he almost invariably wore a green tie, in a sailor's knot—sometimes, alas! with a frock coat. Superstitious folk would say that this was so.

He was also one of the last well-known men to wear regularly in the summer-time a straw hat known as a "gent's straw boater."

"Jim" Athlumney, who died a few weeks ago, was another. Otherwise this type of head-gear is now reserved for

(i) Smithfield meat-porters (who wear it all the year round);

(ii) Lord Desborough (who wears it at Henley);

(iii) Milkmen (who wear it at 6 a.m.); and

(iv) Curates (who wear it black).

I FIND that game is still appearing on the menu at certain clubs and restaurants, and only yesterday at a famous resort I was offered a *salmi* of pheasant (a dish, I think, to be refused at any time, but of that no matter).

Time was when the sight of game on the table any time after the beginning of February would have sent splenetic old gentlemen of the Bateman type into convulsions of wrath. Probably the breed has died out, as no casualties are at present reported.

Woodcock remains, of course, as a consolation, and, better still, the early salmon is coming in. Goths and vandals will, of course, smother this with vinegar, and consume with it chunks of indigestible cucumber.

"BISHOP FOUND DEAD" was a recent newspaper bill, and the very next day another bishop was discovered with, alas! life extinct.

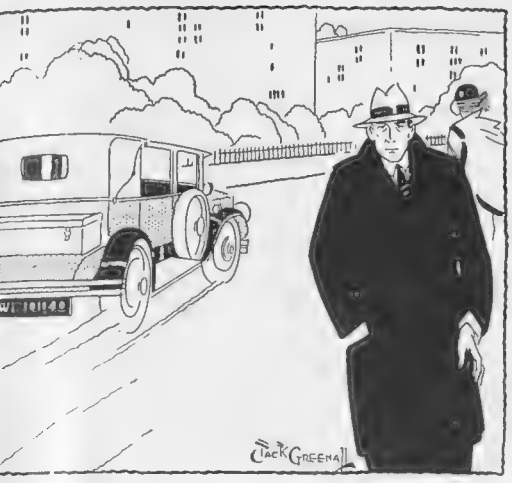
Tragic, of course. But it would be far more novel and original to read one day that a bishop had been found alive.

IT is not true that, the gigantic Aubrey Hammond having done some scenic designing for the revival of *Quality Street* at the Haymarket, Sir James Barrie intends to change the name of that very charming comedy to "Quantity Street."

ON the same morning that the papers reported that the Moss Empires had very wisely withdrawn the freaks whose appearance on the stage of a London music hall aroused such a storm of protests, came the news that the notorious artist's model Dolores was appearing in full-blooded provincial melodrama. With the first action no one will find fault, for to relegate the stage to the level of the raree-shows of a tenth-rate fair is more likely to keep money away from the house than to swell the box-office receipts.

Hermione Baddeley, who is to appear in "The Five O'Clock Girl" when it opens in the West End. A younger sister of Angela Baddeley, and the wife of the Hon. Stephen Tennant, she first made a name for herself in "The Knight of the Burning Pestal" at the Kingsway some years ago

we — must —



By Jack Greenall

mart and punctual"

The public nowadays expect something more for their money than the sight of physical infirmity, and just because some of our actors are freakish there is no logic in assuming that freaks are necessarily actors.

Of course, the case of Dolores is different, for we have that lady's own word for it that the men who have fallen victims to her fatal fascination are legion—for their name is many. Judging by reports, however, it would appear that the Dramatic Critics are not of their number. Perhaps the blue limes of the theatre do her less justice than the dazzling glare afforded by the Yellow Press.

Hannen Swaffer, whose first appearance on The Bystander stage is billed for the next and ensuing weeks, when he will deal with the theatre in its general aspect, is the *enfant terrible* among writers about the drama. His views—like his face and figure, to say nothing of his sartorial adornments—are startling! So startling, in fact, that more than one eminent management, annoyed with his outspoken remarks, do not extend to him invitations to first-nights! Which leaves "Swaff," as he is generally called by intimates and others less intimate, uncommon calm.

Swaffer's somewhat poetical appearance may be due to the fact that, on his mother's side, he is related to Keats—which answers the age-old query, "What are Keats?" Years ago he was instrumental in stopping Black *v.* White boxing contests in England; he helped to close the old Empire promenade, has prevented freaks appearing at a music-hall, and opposed the Rodéo at Wembley on the ground of cruelty to animals. Whether in the near future he will join a society for the prevention of cruelty to actors remains to be seen.

The strange hand at bridge dealt at Maritzburg which I mentioned here recently has brought forth other "hands across the sea." These are vouched for by Col. J. G. O'Connell, who had the following dealt to him recently: S., 6, 2; H., 8, 6, 4, 3; D., 6, 3, 2; C., 8, 7, 4, 2. The next evening he was showing this hand to an opponent during a deal, and that unfortunate individual proceeded to pick up S., 7, 5, 2; H., 6, 5, 3; D., 7, 4, 3; C., 7, 6, 5, 3! This really looks as if bad luck is catching!

Sasha

Hannen Swaffer, the well-known writer on the theatre, smiles at last—if only cynically! He is joining "The Bystander" staff, and from next week will write in every number just as the mood takes him on plays and players

Matheson Lang as Yuan Sing confronts his enemy, Richard Marquess (Austin Trevor), over the wine cups, one of which is poisoned. It is shortly after this that the brave Yuan sings his swan song

RITZ--CARLTON

"MORNING, Ritz."

"Morning, Carlton."

"The Great Frost was the very devil, wasn't it?"

"As a matter of fact it left me cold—still the Great God Thaw has come into his own again."

"The Great Demi-god Shaw hasn't though."

"Still, now that he's given his august approval to the suggestion, Ramsay Mac can't do less than make him a peer when the Socialists come into power."

"*If* they come into power, you mean."

"Don't forget all the bookies are supporting them, though."

"Perhaps they hope to exchange their satchels for portfolios."

"Well, I hope they won't take a 'nap' in the House."

"Change the subject. We shall have quite enough of Politics in the near future."

"You're right. I've noticed that the newspapers are already preparing us for the General Election."

"That's true. They've been boosting British Eggs like billy-o."

"Anyhow, eggs should be popular with Liberal candidates—they are something they *can* beat."

"Come, come, Ritz. You're getting off the Beeton—I mean beaten—track."

"My *Daily Mail* seems to be worried over the great cocktail question."

"What's wrong with it?"

"Seems as good as another. Still they have started a campaign to do away with the name."

"Well, what about calling 'em 'Encores'? So pleasant to repeat."

"So are other things! I hope you won't ask for that in Ciro's to-night."

"Talking of Ciro's, what was the tune Lord Inverclyde asked the band to play the other evening when he was there with his *fiancée*?"

"Wasn't it 'I can't give you anything but Love, Baby'?"

"Don't be silly—he's a millionaire."

"Then perhaps it was 'Where June Roses Blow.'"

"Blow you! As to blows, Gene Tunney scored a knock-out at Cannes the other day."

"You mean Gene Tunney—*the* Shakespearian lecturer?"

"He boxed, too, at one time, I believe?"

"Yes, the camera-man had evidently forgotten that past interlude of history."

"Too true. He snapped several titled people, but he didn't expect to take the count."

"Gene Tunney wouldn't condescend to be a mere Count to-day."

"Of course not. His is a 'Dukes'-dom at least."

"Get away, Ritz. Philip Ridgeway has hit on a really good idea in starting a Shilling Theatre."

"Should go down well with the 'Gods.'"

"They say whom the Gods love don't die young in Theatreland."

"I wonder what his first production will be."

"Well, as they are to charge a shilling admission it should be 'Lord Bobs.'"

"Terrible! Anyway, here's hoping that Philip does hefty business."

"You mean burly business, Carlton."

"Why burly?"

"Lord Burghley, I hear, is going into business in the City soon, hence burly business."

"What's he going to do?"

"I'm not certain, but, of course, he'd do better in a big store."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, everyone who's seen him hurdling knows how good he is at clearance sails."

"Oh! Edgar Wallace has been talking about *his* sales, too."

"Nothing like thinking in millions. What did he say?"

"Complained that he got only £75 for "Four Just Men."

"Less than £19 per man, in fact."

"Never mind. He meets lots of 'royalties' nowadays."

"And so our dear old Kindergarten journalist, James Douglas, has been on the warpath against the naughty women novelists."

"Still, Ethel Mannin and Margery Lawrence gave him Jimmy-jams back."

"Quite excited about the S.A. question, wasn't he?"

"Whatever way you talk about it it sells—certainly a Sunday newspaper."

"He doesn't seem too keen to accept invitations to lunch."

"No, he's all abroad—if not all at sea."

"Perhaps he was afraid their arguments would land him in the soup."

"Well, I must away. Got to visit my barber's."

"Don't go on Sunday when this new Act comes into force."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that the Sabbath is now so holy that barbers are not to be allowed to shave or to cut or wash hair on that day."

"Sheer nonsense, Ritz."

"Then let's shampoo-pooh the suggestion, Carlton."

BY GEORGE WHEELER

"I T"!

THE RIFT i

BY JOHN GORDGE

in the LUTE

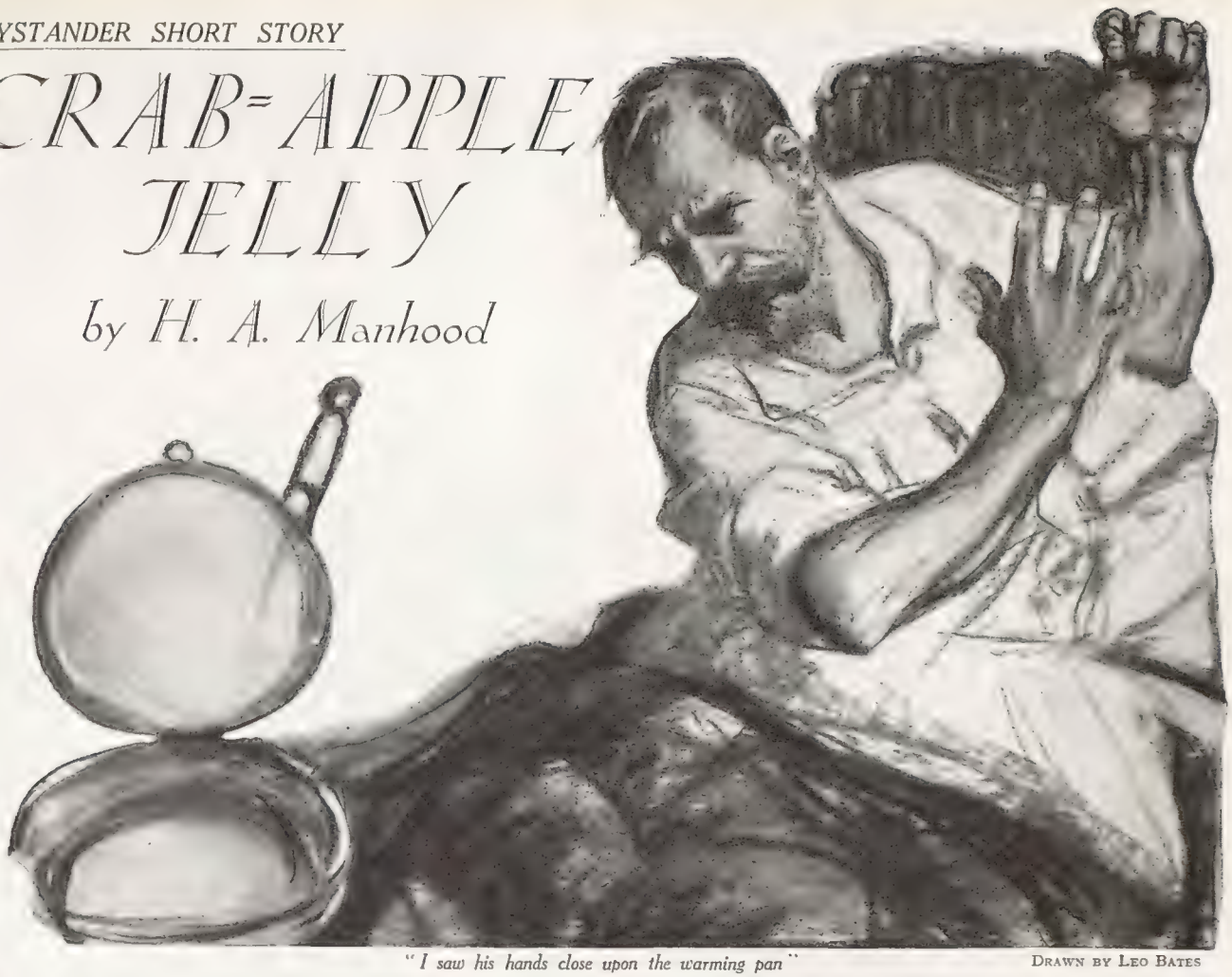
BY CEE MME

"FIRST LOVE"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

CRAB-APPLE JELLY

by H. A. Manhood



"I saw his hands close upon the warming pan" DRAWN BY LEO BATES

I WAS but a boy at the time for all my responsible manner. My father was a difficult invalid, but my patience was large, and we managed well enough. Neither of us wanted a woman poking about the cottage, though there were several in the village who would have come gladly, for my father was a handsome man and a widower with all a gamewarden's advantages. It was only with the women that he found favour; the men, not liking his kingly ways and apt texts, had named him Biblespew, but, knowing his strength and temper, they didn't dare call him so to his face. It was the loss of his strength that made him restless and petulant as a child. He couldn't understand his weakness. A stranger to illness all his life, he could find no comfort now that he was held to bed with a gunshot wound in his side, but must be forever tossing and fuming and uttering fantastic threats. With cause enough, I admit, for he had received the wound from an unknown gun while sitting upon his own garden stile at dusk. It was near murder, the act of a poacher with a grudge, all thought. Inquiry had proved useless, and it seemed that the incident must remain a mystery, though my father would not have it so.

It had happened on a midsummer eve. The bell-ringers were at practice in the valley, and the sound came faintly, and it was as if someone were juggling with eight bright-coloured balls. My father was sitting upon the stile at the garden end, carving an acorn into a quaint Chinese face, nodding in time with the bells. He was always carving nuts into heads and animals; he kept a store in an odd Wellington boot from year to year for that very purpose, never attempting anything bigger. It was a revelation to see his great hands working so skilfully over so small a surface. I had been winding water from the well, and bats were already hunting along the eaves when I emptied the bucket for the last time. I remembered that I must ask my father whether a rainbow moved like a cloud. I went towards him. He looked up, rubbing his chin with the back of his hand, the golden bristles rasping. Tossing the acorn towards me, he opened his mouth in a humorous attempt to gobble a venturesome fly. At once, as if the fly had retaliated, a gun exploded terribly close. "What the hell . . . !" grumbled my father. Jerking his hat straight, he slid from the stile, holding his side; the corduroy looked as though it was nailed to his flesh. He spat and pointed beyond the hedge: "Look—quick!" But there was nothing to be seen, only a trampled patch of grass. "No one there, Dad . . ." But he didn't hear. He was stumbling towards the house, cursing. He collapsed against the porch.

That happened three months ago. Now you'd hardly recognise him for the same man, so weak and thin and white he is. Day after day he lies hatching out queer whimsies, making thunder enough to bruise the moon over the merest trifles, fuming over the mystery of his wounding. That day, fevered by an increasing thunder-heat, nothing would satisfy him but to be emptying the pockets of his oldest clothes as if he expected to find the seeds of a cure in one of them. Best to humour him. I waited patiently by the bedside, folding each garment as he flung it aside. Now he had discovered a brittle twig among soft rust of leaves. He holds it against the light, remembers the crabtree from which it sprang, the pink and white loveliness of blossom, a happy memory, for he smiles a little, then twitches the calendar tied to the bedpost as if momentarily unsure of the season. Blossom becomes fruit in the turning of his mind, and at once he has a fancy to be tasting an old-fashioned preserve. "Three months abed," he grumbled, and stiffens against pain.

"Get me some crab-apple jelly."

"But, father, you know it is years since we've had any in the house."

"Crab-apple jelly I said!"

"But . . ."

He glares. I risk one more protest:

"It isn't made nowadays, and, besides . . ."

I thought he would choke. He licked his parched lips. The veins in his temple pumped unevenly. "Dost thee dare to argue with me?" And away he raged, and I was thankful I was out of reach of his hands, weak though he was. Crab-apple jelly he would have, by God! even if

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he had to gather and boil the fruit himself! Devil damn the doctor who denied him jam! No medicine even would he swallow unless it was followed by a heaping spoonful of the jelly, so he swore. Foolishly, I offer other jams, even falsifying a label or so, but he was not to be deceived. Saliva pearled his beard. Rolling back the sleeves of his bedshirt he kneaded his wasted arms as if to revive their strength, angrily plucking out the hairs meshed over their whiteness. Forcing back the bedclothes he made as if to slide to the floor, and I struck desperately at his loin where it was least tender, and at once he collapsed, sweating with pain. "Damn thee," he muttered when he could speak again. His trembling fingers lighted upon the twig, and he spoke determinedly: "Boy! Get me jelly!" Again I opposed him . . . it was naught but a whimsy. Even though danger of gangrene was past, he was not fit to be left.

I saw his hands close upon the warming-pan. He lifted it; the lid flapped like a hungry lip. He flung it. The pan clanged against the wall, a great dent appearing in its moon face. Hastily I gave a promise, escaping from the room, standing with my back against the door, trembling and subdued. He must be humoured. How quickly could I gather apples and return? . . . thirty minutes should be sufficient. Because of his wilfulness he should not be left alone. Once I had returned to find him standing resignedly in a pool of fire spilled from the lamp in his hands. I wondered whether to lock the door on him, but feared what he might do on discovery. I listened, heard him settle himself in the bed, sigh and mutter, and then all was quiet. I crept away down the stairs.

THE wood was very lovely for all the leaden haze in the sky and the dull, poisoned look of the sun. Misery had keened my eyes. A storm was brewing, a tiny, grape-like bunch of clouds gathering in the west. But the wood was undisturbed.

Strong webs and brambles stretched across my path, and barbed seeds clung to my clothes, odd treasures dropping uninvited into my basket. I saw here and there trees red-ringed for the axe, all soon to fall except the oak, which was marked for the spring of the year, when the bark lifts most easily to the iron. The ochre was yet wet, and I looked for taciturn Ocean Peaborn, woodman of the estate. He would help me gather apples when I explained the need.

I saw him easily enough, for all the autumn colouring of his clothes. He had laid aside brush and pot, and was standing half in shadow, with gun poised as if he were anticipating the approach of bird or animal, mistaking my own footsteps, it seemed, for the gun was pointed towards the path. His face seemed very strained and grey.

Since the wounding of my father he had carried a gun with him everywhere, explaining that he, at least, wasn't going to stand any nonsense from poachers or anyone else. A queer fellow with his knuckly, grieved-looking face, thin, tight lips, and small, pale blue eyes. He looked older even than my father, though actually he was no more than half his age. His clothes were always too large and his boots too heavy. He lived in an old crabshell of a cottage upon the opposite border of the wood, and no one knew his thoughts, for he spoke but seldom.

I hailed him then, and he lowered the gun, nodding and muttering to himself.

"'Tisn't a murdering hound of a poacher this time, Ocean, but it's well to be prepared."

He stared keenly, as if suspecting irony, and then the faintest of grins flushed his face. Dropping the hammers of the gun, he moved heavily across, loosing the woollen scarf which he wore winter and summer alike.

"How's that father of yours?" he asked abruptly.

I was glad to talk, explain his state, needing sympathy, though aware that I should get little or none from Ocean.

"He won't be content till he has his fill of jelly. Best to humour him. This bed-lying gets on his nerves. You'll lend a hand with the apples?"

Ocean said nothing, simply settled the gun in the crook of his arm and fell into step, chewing steadily, grimly, at a bit of rush. We turned from the path down a slope beautiful with fallen leaves, crossing a stream deep in amber clay, climbing again through oak scrub and elder towards Crabtree Knoll, as it was called. The Knoll itself was scribble-stitched with heather and a strong-smelling fern which flowered at the tips of its leaves. It was reputed to have at one time been the scene of Druidical ceremonies, the fern the symbol and poison of the sect. Certainly the precise spacing of the ring of beeches halfway up the slope was not accidental. Crowning the Knoll to perfection was an old and splendid crabtree, just then weighted with apples of fine size and brilliance.

"Thank God it's a good year."

"A good year?" Ocean jerked his mind back to the present, staring.

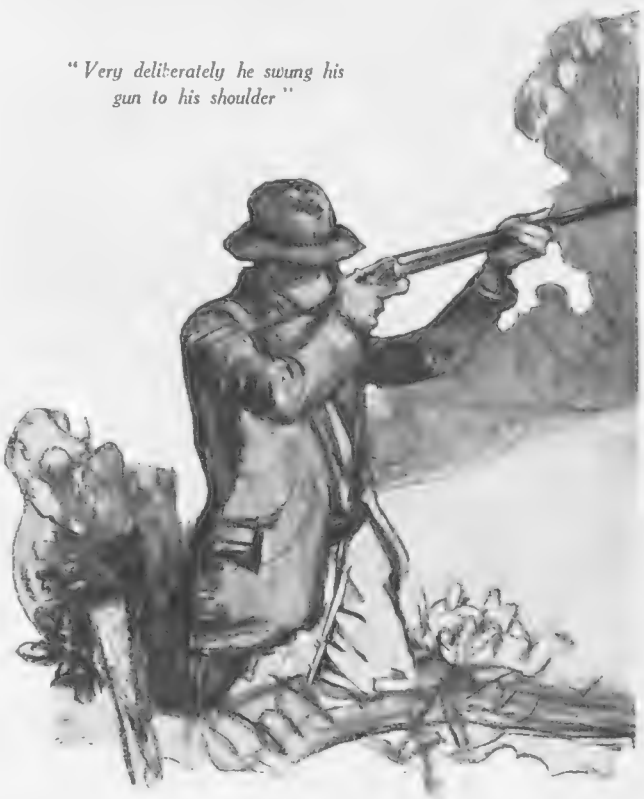
"Yes, it fruits best in alternative years . . ."

He gazed up at the tree, down at the deep mattress of bracken beneath, breathing loudly in the quietness. It was very hot and still in the clearing. The storm was approaching rapidly from the west, fairly boiling towards us, I saw with dismay. Dropping the basket, I tightened my belt :

"If you'll help pick them up, Ocean . . .

He might have been dreaming till then.

"No, by God!" He spat viciously.



"Very deliberately he swung his gun to his shoulder"

It was my turn to stare. His face was curiously taut, reddened at its angles. His eyes blinked with dull fury. Very deliberately he swung the gun to his shoulder and fired both barrels into the tree, at once reloading. Apples and leaves showered to earth. I wondered what possessed him:

"Is it a tree-cat, Ocean?"

For answer he fired again. The ejected cases tinkled upon a stone. He fumbled two more cartridges from his pocket, forced them into the breech. I caught his arm:

"Stop, Ocean! . . . the apples will be shot to hell!"

He shook off my arm, moved a step or so, and fired again. Apples bounced all ways. The tree was sadly torn. I danced about Ocean, but he took no more heed of me than if I were a fly. The tree might have been an old enemy. From all sides he fired into it, muttering fiercely. And then, when he had no more cartridges, he blew from habit down each barrel, snapped the breech, and rested the butt upon his great boot, nodding grim satisfaction.

"Are you daft, or only drunk? Didn't I tell you I wanted the apples? What do you think my father will say when I tell him, eh?"

"Your father!" Ocean was greatly amused. I per-

sisted and he laid a heavy hand upon me. "Quiet, boy, quiet! Your father isn't God Almighty, even though he acts like it at times. He's eaten too well already . . ."

I FLARED up at the insult, but he still held me, and I could not escape his strength. I wondered what he knew to act and speak so surely.

"But why, why . . .?"

"Listen, I'll tell you. You're old enough to know right from wrong. As a boy I picked apples here. I had a sister in those days, and a bright, happy maid she was until she took to dreaming by appointment under that very tree. One summer day I found her weeping; she wouldn't let me touch her. In the kitchen mother was weeping, too, cursing Mary for a slut. I asked what the trouble was. Mary was going to have a kid. Well, what of it, wasn't that quite a good thing to happen? I knew no better. I didn't think much about it at all.

DRAWN BY LEO BATES

"I was carrying a gun for the first time that summer, and hadn't any time to be wasting indoors. I was in the woods most days, and I'd bring home whatever took my fancy—birds, rabbits, and fruit and nuts when they ripened. Mother was a great one for jam . . . we'd only a bare living, and jam helped to toll down bread when there was nothing else. I brought home a bag of crab-apples, shot them into an old cradle that had been brought to light from the attic. I wanted the bag, you see. Later on I saw Mary standing by the cradle, laughing in a wild sort of way, talking to the apples as girls do to dolls, stroking them. Then she picked one up, bit it, and gulped it down. Half a dozen she ate that way. 'You'll get the belly-ache, Mary,' I warned her. But she just laughed and shrugged herself. I noticed she took apples from the cradle every day after that, more and more, till I thought there'd be none left for jam. Queer, bitter things to be eating, I thought, but perhaps they were good for babies . . .

"Mother worked in fits and starts that summer. I came down one morning to find the crab-apples stewing and the cradle laid in the sun to air. Then I had to run for the doctor. When we got back I waited about down-stairs, curious. The crab-apples had boiled over, burnt on to the stove . . . the stink was all over the house. I can smell it now. I heard the doctor talking to mother. Mary and the kid were dead . . . the bitter apples had caused it. . . ."

Ocean cleared his throat and spat again. "That's why," he added, and he patted my shoulder and fidgeted with the woollen neckcloth, "that's why I had a slap at Biblespew that evening . . ."

"*You!*" I felt suddenly very sick. I went and sat down upon the stool of a beech, staring, patching my mind. A terrible responsibility was mine. What would my father do when I told him? I was afraid. My flesh pricked. I saw among the leaves at my feet a split apple. Mechanically I chewed it, hoping for wisdom. Ocean stood as before, staring vacantly. Angrily I flung the bitten apple at him, but it fell short. He did not move. Remembering my father's agony, I wished for a gun . . . easy to square things then . . . and yet . . . My brain seemed angular, a misfit.

Steadily the sky darkened. The black grapes of cloud were almost overhead, swelling, near to bursting. Leaves scurried as with sudden fear. A strange, sulphurous smell pressed upon the Knoll. Great icy raindrops fell, breaking the hold of ripe leaves, striking down fronds of fern. Lightning flickered, and I gripped the beech trunk in my fear. A moment of perfect quiet, and then came the thunder-clap, echoing roundly through the wood. A jay chattered harshly. Rain fell with a loud hissing as of sliding sand, breaking into a fine spray upon every surface, glazing leaves, rippling down the green-mossed channels in trunks, bringing a coolness. Ocean still stood, motionless and exposed, an old stump through the mist, oblivious, it seemed, the murderous fool!

The black grapes of cloud passed on, jostled by a merciless wind, their life streaming from great wounds in their bellies. Again lightning scorched my eyes . . . would that it might in justice strike Ocean . . . but no! It was as if someone had ripped off a page of the world, exposing another in all its freshness. A deep, distant grumble of thunder, and then, as if at command, the rain ceased. Trees dripped tunefully, bracken and heather were fragrant and vivid with colour. A new light spread from the sky, and a wind passed through the trees, loosing their chains it seemed, for silver links showered down. The stream circling the Knoll found its voice again after many days. A broken wheel of sunlight rolled in triumph over the wood, reviving life.

Freed of fear, I considered Ocean. He had not moved. His clothes were dark with wet. I cursed him passionately, imagining my father's wrath, half-blind yet. I leaned tiredly, thinking, and, as if the vision of my father had found actual life, I saw him hobbling, stumbling down the slope beyond the Knoll, a deathly figure with wide, staring eyes. I could not believe. I cried out, and he answered with a croak of thankfulness. I ran to him down the slope, and he touched me, then dropped against a tree for support, looking like one crucified. "I heard shots," he whispered. I felt how deep had been his anxiety, and was happy under my distress. This was my father, a man without meanness or evil. He had pulled on a coat over his bedshirt; his boots were unlaced. Racked and storm-wet, he yet looked all the king that he was. This was the man whom Ocean dared to malign. My anger burst:—

"There's the swine who shot you, father!"

"Ocean!"

Ocean heard that single word from my father's lips. He awoke, stared and came towards us, wiping his face upon his sleeve. The two men faced each other. From his pocket Ocean pulled a little string of dried, carved acorns, looped it over a button of my father's coat.

"We found these hung out of sight when we came to bury Mary. I never knew till three months back that it was your handiwork. . . ."

That was all he said. He smiled in a twisted sort of way. I looked at my father. Wasn't he going to say something, blast this enemy? But no. He was staring at the acorn necklace, fingering it, strangely sad and gentle. "We'll go home now, son," he said. Not a word about crab-apple jelly! I was muddled. I wanted time to think. Remembering the basket I ran back up the slope for it. When I returned Ocean was helping my father towards the path. They were talking about the trees that were to be felled. H. A. M.

PARIS GOSSIP

MONKEYS, MAITRES D'HOTEL & MERCATOR

By JAY MARTIN

Sketches by SCHUS

"The maitre d'hotel sitting, big as life, at the table"

With all these books bursting about Marcel Proust, the great chronicler of the Faubourg St. Germain, I have decided that it is quite foolish that so much fuss should be made about him. He is dead, and here I am, a perfectly cock-eyed authority on French society and everything else, and I never can be myself and say all I have to say. Of course, I am not so magnificent a writer as Proust, but then he suffered from asthma, and I do not. And while he was afflicted with a shortness of breath he made up for it by the length of his sentences. He had a moustache, and I have not. But there is one thing we have in common: we have droopy eyelids. So I am going to write you all about French society.

You have all heard that Parisian society is very *fermé*. One never sees people of the best French society out in public. It is rather hard to see them at all, as they frequent night-clubs that are so crowded one finds difficulty in procuring a table. It has been said that it is almost impossible to see what a Rochefoucauld looks like, and, what is more, that they hate to be in print. A friend told me that the Duchesse de Doudeauville saw a line or two that I had written in THE BYSTANDER about her son Armand de la Rochefoucauld. I had stated that he was to tour Continental music-halls, accompanied by a trained monkey. The Duchesse, it seems, was quite upset, and said, "Armand, don't tell me that you are going on the stage with a monkey!" "No, maman, I am not." His mother was quite relieved. "I changed my mind," continued Armand, "when I learned that properly trained monkeys are very expensive these days."

"Mlle. Renouardt asked the price of one globe"

Armand de la Rochefoucauld is a blonde, modest young man. In fact, he is so modest that the other day, in driving past a *café*, he didn't want to be noticed, and drove by so quickly that his car skidded right on to the sidewalk *terrasse* of the *café*. About forty drinks were spilled all over the place. Several people, who also were spilled, made a great row, so Armand said to the police, "Don't mention my name, please."

The Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne, born at Wagram, and named, I suppose, after the Avenue de Wagram, has sold her house in the Avenue de la Motte-Picquet to the Chilean Minister. As soon as he is installed he is to give a house-warming, and, knowing Chileans as I do, and old French houses as I do, I hope that a feature of the house-warming will be a great big blast of heat from the furnace. If he hasn't a furnace I know a very smart young man (name deleted under threats of a sock in the jaw) who has lots of them. He is the European agent for some American oil-burners. May Oil-Burners, meaning they May or May not burn. This is just to show that I am not advertising this brand of central heating. In fact, Edward has entirely too much central heating. The other night we were on a big party at the Florida, and he said that it was so hot he could not possibly dance. So this is no advertisement for the Florida, either.

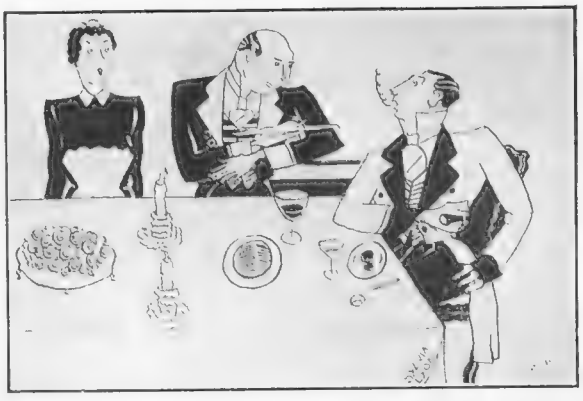
Now I will tell you all about the French servant problem. The Princesse Marie de Ligne advertised for a *maître d'hôtel*. A pleasant, able-looking young man appeared, and was engaged by the Princesse. Just after his introduction to the household the Princesse gave a dinner party, and was rather annoyed at the entirely too gentle behaviour of the new manservant. Late that night, after her guests had left, Princesse de Ligne saw, to her horror, the *maître d'hôtel* sitting, big as life, at the table, and, what is more, being served an elegant supper by the other servants. She dismissed him at once, and later learned that the strange butler was the son of a famous pianist. But no one can discover why he undertook such a peculiar job.

(Continued on page 430).

Walery, Paris

Ina Souez, who is to sing at Lady Cory's concert in aid of the Douglas Haig Memorial Homes for ex-Servicemen on March 5th. Later she will sing at Covent Garden. In private life she is Mrs. Malcolm, her husband being a past editor of the "Isis" and past President of the O.U.D.S.

I SUPPOSE you know that Lady Abdy has a lingerie shop in the Rue de Marignan? And do you know what else she has been doing? She has been going out with Dr. Voronoff. Yes, she has! I saw her with him at a movie, and another time at "Scheherazade," which is a night club that, although very smart, gets on my nerves, because I do like to talk, and just as I am enjoying hearing my conversation some Russian starts to sing and interrupts me, and, to my mind, nothing is more annoying.



By Sylvia Lyon

The Princesse Marie de Ligne's butler

ALSO, at the Grand Ecart, we saw Francis de Croisset in a party with the Duca della Verdura, late of *The Cardboard Lover*, and the Prince and Princess Jean Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge. J. L. de F.-L. has a shop in the Rue de Pontheur called "Le Bateau Ivre," where he sells African sculpture. I saw his wife the other day playing tennis on the courts in the Rue St. Didier with the Comte de Rougemont, and I guess that's better than playing with those awful African masks and things.

JANE RENOUARDT, the actress, is also the owner and manager of the Théâtre Daunou. They say she is an expert business woman, and recently proved it. She had engaged for the next play, which will be by Maurice Yvain, Mademoiselle Davia, who was to be paid five hundred francs a performance. But when the latter fell ill during rehearsals, Jane Renouardt decided that she could do without her. She will play the *rôle* herself, thereby saving herself money.

BUT sometimes Mademoiselle Renouardt doesn't put over her business methods so well. A short while ago she entered Mercator, which is a shop for maps and ship-models and globes, and asked the price of one globe. It was one thousand francs. "Oh, I could not afford to pay that," said Jane, rattling her emerald bracelets and drawing her magnificent furs about her; "I am just a poor artist. I would love to have that globe, but I could never, never afford to pay such a price." But Our Jane did not get away with the globe. The poor little thing rolled off in her Hispano without it.

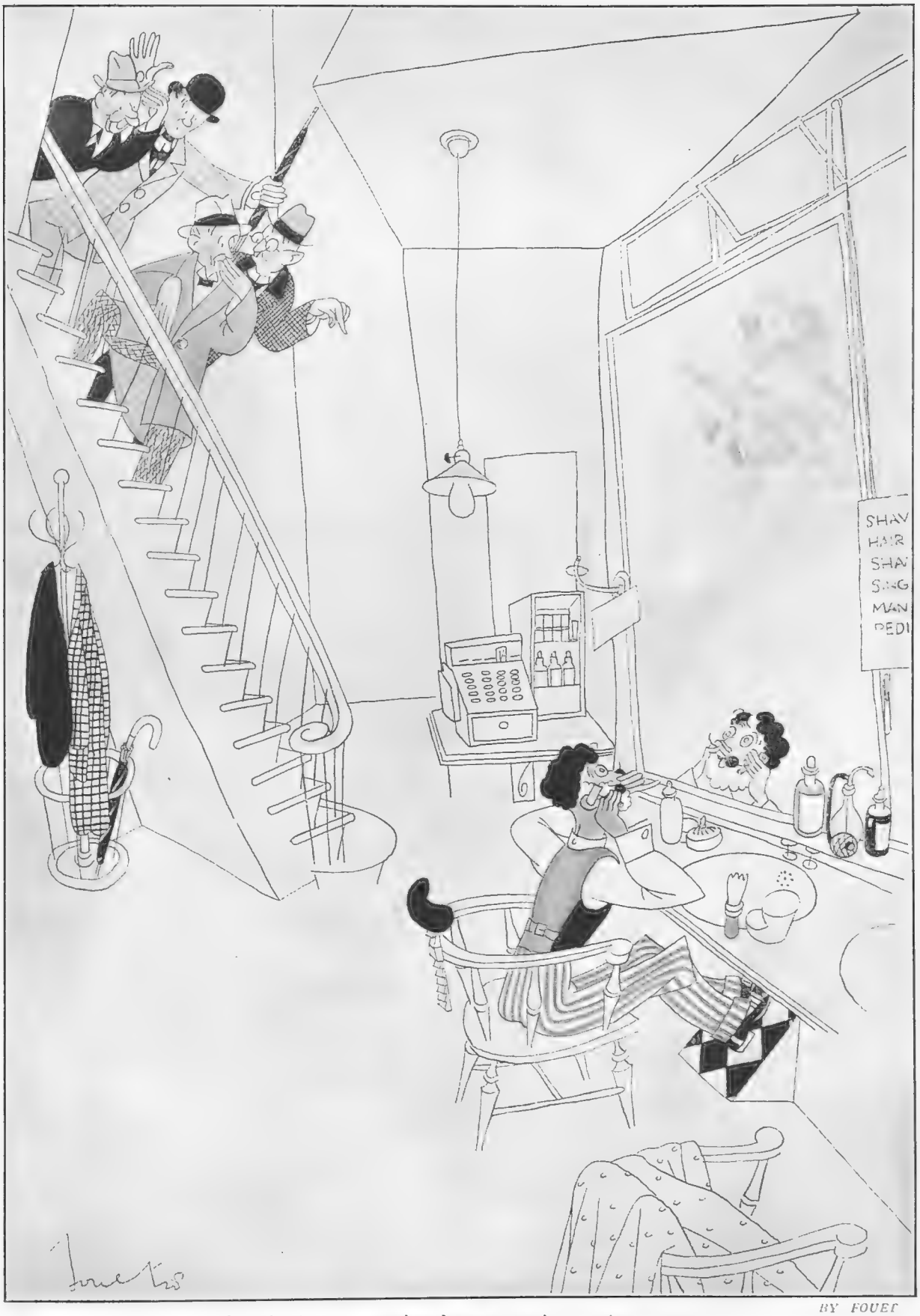
AT present Mlle. Renouardt is playing in *L'Echec à la Reine*, by Paul Nivoix. Or, rather, he thinks he wrote it. Just to celebrate Mardi Gras, another playwright, Max Frantel, accompanied by a group of friends, called on Mlle. Renouardt at her house in St. Cloud. She was still in bed, and said she could not see them. However, they insisted she should arise and help them look for a play manuscript by Frantel, called "Jalousie."

L'Echec à la Reine, Frantel claimed, was stolen from *Jalousie*, the manuscript of which he had sent Mlle. Renouardt months ago. She evidently had liked it and had shown it to her neighbour, Monsieur Nivoix. Monsieur Nivoix liked *Jalousie* so much that he used the idea for *L'Echec à la Reine*. Frantel and his friends succeeded in finding two acts of the play, and are going to produce it in court. But just to show there was no personal feelings involved they invited Jane out to lunch with them.

SHE refused, however, saying it was much too cold to go out, and went back to bed. So, Jane or no Jane, Frantel and his cohorts took the stolen manuscript to lunch.

DUDLEY FIELD MALONE, the great American divorce lawyer, has arrived in Paris. One of his clients is Mrs. Frank Woodward, whose two children were kidnapped by their father and taken back to America, where Mr. Woodward is starting divorce proceedings against his wife. Just before leaving New York Al Smith, the defeated candidate for the American Presidency, telephoned to Malone requesting him to warn Erskine Gwynne against too much joking in Gwynne's Parisian magazine, *The Boulevardier*. It seems that in a burlesque advertisement Gwynne had published a photograph, considerably altered, of Al Smith, pointing out that, because Smith neglected to wear garters and his socks were always falling down he failed to be elected President. In fact, that Smith has no sox appeal, and that has made Smith furious. J. M.

Stephanie Warrent, the attractive young acrobatic dancer who has scored a big success in Canada and the States. She was for some time the première danseuse *at the Opera Français in Montreal*



BY FOUET

Our barber is caught shaving with a safety razor

A RUGGER REVERIE

The Scottish fifteen which lost to Wales at Swansea Last Saturday Scotland faced the redoubtable Ireland, who became hot favourites for the Championship after their win against England at Twickenham

APPROACHING THE DAY

By PENDARVES

THE stage has now been cleared of supers, and the male chorus, and odd bits of furniture like the Twickenham cushions (oh, dear! oh, dear! that was very naughty, wasn't it?), and we are approaching The Day. It is a curious thing how outstandingly important in the Rugger year is this England-Scotland match. I had an eye-opener in this respect before the England-Ireland game. For in the Irish dressing-room several of their side discussed with me "your prospects of beating them on March 16." Funny, when you come to think of it, that men, changing to play what proved to be the game of their lives in importance and in prowess, should give a thought to a future International in which they were not in the least concerned. But it was so.

AND odd that, in spite of all these other Internationals that have taken place—two last week, in fact—the approaching contest on Murrayfield should somehow transcend them all in interest and importance in men's minds. I daresay the Dublinites and the Swansea-ites do not view it with quite the same avid interest, being concerned more closely with their home International games. But the vast majority of men and Rugger-following women (yes, we must take the latter into our calculations, too, nowadays: a most welcome thought) look towards the England-Scotland game as the summit of the season's excitement. But we are veering rapidly towards it now.

IF there is the least possible opportunity of seeing this dazzling game just once in Edinburgh, grasp it. If it is not a question of money with you, then book your sleeper now, or you won't get one. If you are a leisured person, but not blessed with the boodle, you can travel up in perfect comfort by day in company with the latest novel. Edinburgh has many hotels. But you must write at once. If time and money are your two greatest bugbears, you can go either in one of the new third-class sleepers (book it NOW) or third-class carriage quite comfortably with a pillow and a big overcoat, and very cheaply, in one of the many excursions. And, after all, the following day is Sunday!

I HAVE done it all ways, and have never yet been uncomfortable or failed to enjoy myself enormously. And I am looking forward (octogenarian as I feel in this bestial weather) to Friday night, March 15, as a schoolboy does towards the long summer holidays. Apart from the inordinate excitement of the game itself, which I will tell you all about in due time, it is a unique and wonderful spectacle—far more so than any match at Twickenham, which is a drab sort of place on the loveliest day.

WHEREAS in Britain's most beautiful city the glamour of the scene will envelop you the moment you get out at one of the stations at either end of Princes Street, Britain's loveliest shopping thoroughfare. The chances are that the sun will shine—it has on the last two occasions most benignly—and the sight of Scotland's capital on an early spring morning is one not soon forgotten. If you are of those who have to stand—the ticket question for "Nationals" up there being even more difficult than here, as they only have one enormous enclosure—do not be dismayed. Mingle with the gay throng in Princes Street for an hour or so; the whole world will seem to be there, jocularly. Then put sandwiches and a flask (with the real Scotch stuff inside it, bought up there) in the overcoat pocket and get down to Murrayfield, a bare fifteen minutes' walk.

THERE is a series of gargantuan concrete terraces running all along one side of the touchline, from which everyone gets a perfect view. It holds, I believe, well over 20,000 people. There is nothing at Twickenham to compare with it for a close-up view for the standing spectators *en masse*. And the setting to the Murrayfield scene an hour before the kick-off is, in my humble opinion, superb.

IT is so dramatic. There is the steel-grey smudge of Edinburgh Castle looming across the sky, the immortal memorial of fighting Scots, as it were, gazing down watchfully upon the scene of yet another Anglo-Scottish fight. There is the skirl of bagpipes rousing the warlike frenzy of the Scot up and down the ground; the galvanic sound of which leaves the intent Englishman just a little bit awed always, and a shade anxious. Sounds of the old Border raids and forays sweep across the green turf, and at the appointed hour the chosen men appear from a hidden fastness, to the accompaniment of a great cheer that crashes upon the ears. The moment of the year has arrived. "*England . . . for goodness' sake!*"

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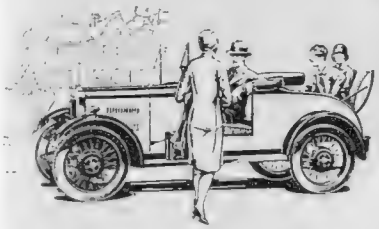

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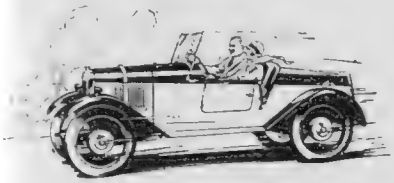

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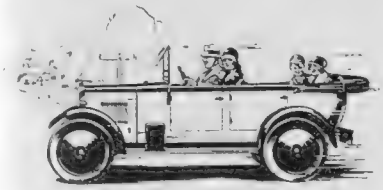

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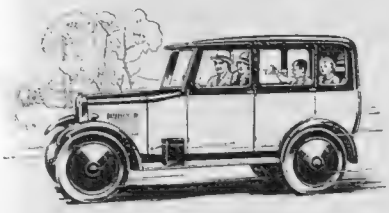

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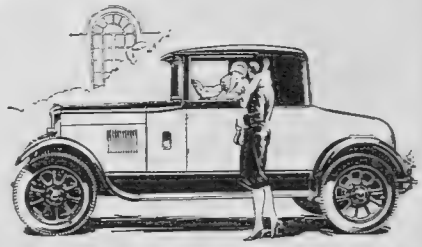
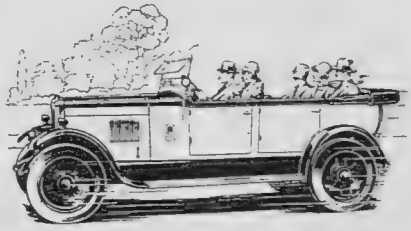
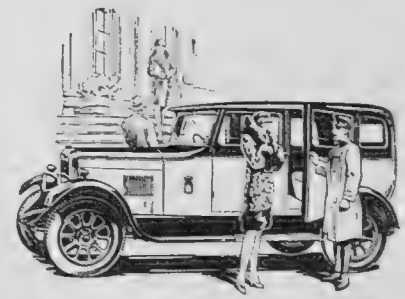


Senior Coupé £240. Six £300



Senior 4/5 Seater £230
Six £300



Senior Saloon £260. Six £350

Senior Sunshine Saloon £270
Six £350

H.P.

In bygone days when Knights were bold
When mead and such-like quaff was sold
War followed War without cessation
And trouble dwelt with every Nation
For people could not write or read
And verbal treaties ran to seed.

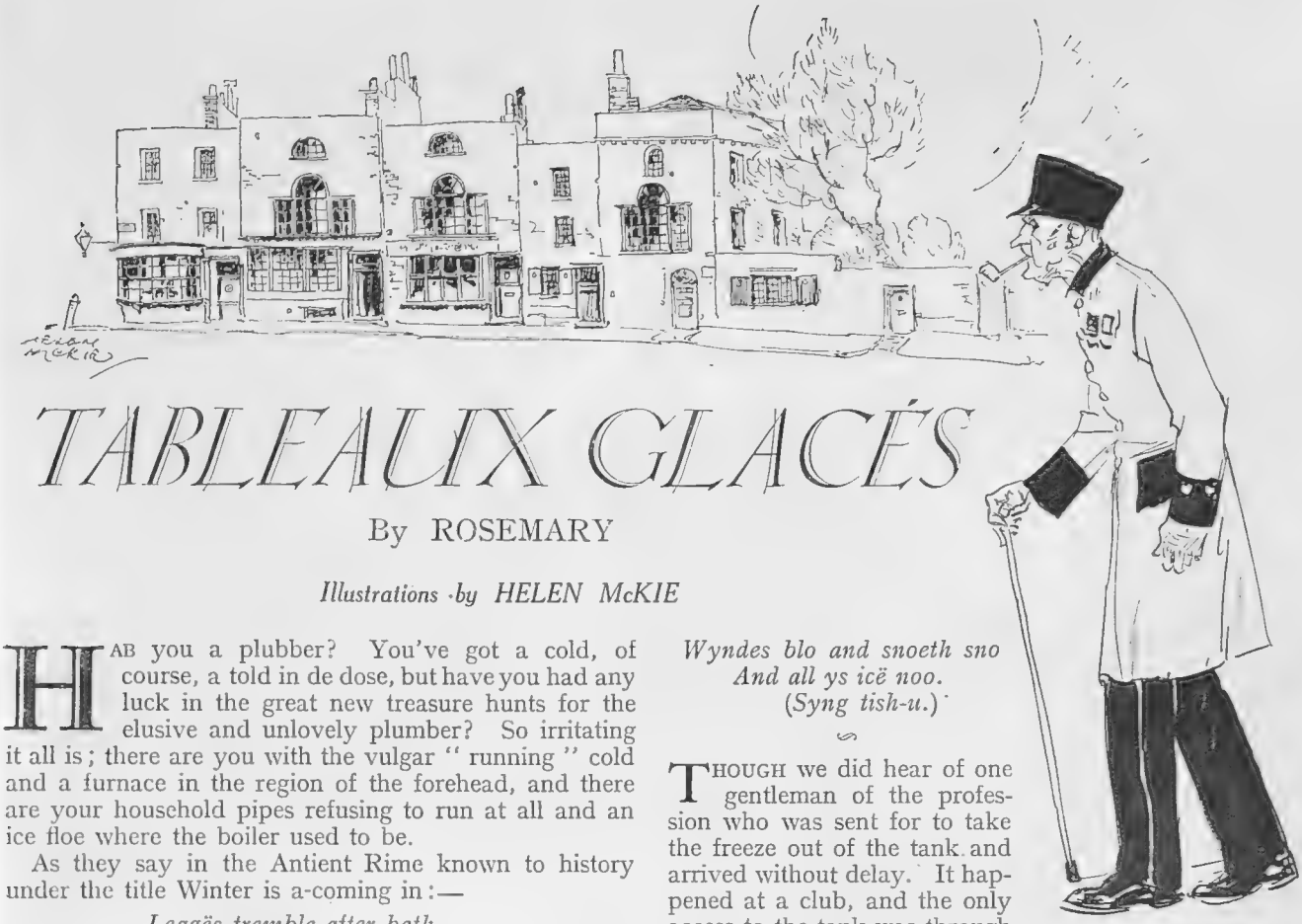
* * * *

But latterly as things befell
They learned to make a treaty well:
All people now could read and write
So pledged themselves in Black and White.

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY



TABLEAUX GLACÉS

By ROSEMARY

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

HAB you a plubber? You've got a cold, of course, a told in de dose, but have you had any luck in the great new treasure hunts for the elusive and unlovely plumber? So irritating it all is; there are you with the vulgar "running" cold and a furnace in the region of the forehead, and there are your household pipes refusing to run at all and an ice floe where the boiler used to be.

As they say in the Antient Rime known to history under the title Winter is a-coming in:—

Leggës tremble after bath,
And fyngrës turneth blue,
Wisker freseth, nosë sneseth,
tish-u
tish-u
Wyndes blo and snoeth sno
And all ys icë noo.
(Syng tish-u.)

THOUGH we did hear of one gentleman of the profession who was sent for to take the freeze out of the tank and arrived without delay. It happened at a club, and the only access to the tank was through a distinguished visitor's bedroom. So unexpected was this punctuality that he had to be sent away again, much chagrined. It did seem hard; he had forgotten nothing—and learnt nothing.

"One or two little Chelsea houses"

"In the arms of the law for buying a box of chocolates at 10.5 p.m."

BUT things are going too far. Couldn't see at first that it did matter very much whether the rivers refrigerated and went down to the sea in bergs for a change or not, but it has been brought home to us undeniably. An ice-floe got at the Cambridge boat and succeeded in making a large hole in the bows before it was detected. There is a limit, I say, and a joke's a joke. If things are going to interfere with the Boat Race, well, I don't know what England's come to. Though in the interests of cleanliness in sport, let us hasten to add that there is no truth in the rumour

ascribing the action of this particular berg to foul play at the instigation of the River Isis. It has successfully proved alibis for all matter passed through Iffley Lock to date.

WHATEVER else happens, our little Isle has at least proved itself abreast of the times, and need not hang its head in shame before the progressive notions of some of these bright young lines in countries across the sea. Last week we quite forestalled Russia, for instance. They have just had the idea of building an ice museum where shall be frozen in perpetuity all the specimens of modern civilisation. No need to build here! Just walk leisurely through the Park, or get into a railway carriage. Any line will do, all the great termini are equally advanced in this respect.

BUT, again, why bother? And what *would* you collect if you had a free hand at this chilly Noah's Ark? One or two little Chelsea houses, I think, and Mr. Bernard Shaw. And the Albert Memorial, just for fun, and DORA for no reason at all, because she hasn't any at the best of times. And the view of Westminster you get coming across the bridge on the top of a 'bus from the wrong side of the river—just to keep Chelsea company, and a woman M.P. to get the best out of Mr. Shaw.

AND a good many of the rather lovely exhibits at the Lansdowne House show of English Decorative Art. Not but that with the insurance company having refused to allow heating we weren't half frozen there already. Perhaps it was with a view to warming the atmosphere that so many of the visitors were wearing red hats. I noticed particularly Lady Katharine Hamilton and Lady Huntingdon, and it is certainly a fashion to be pursued these days.

FOR those who have any sort of exhibition complex there is ample opportunity for indulgence just now. What with the B.I.F. at the White City—and Brum—and the opening of the Mond Chemical House in Millbank. A portrait in stone of Lord Melchett is to look out across the Thames, to show Canute has met his peer. And he is backed up by such men of scientific honours as Priestley and Lavoisier. Names to make the Thames behave.

BUT for our Exhibition I favour *Tableaux glacés* of scenes from modern life. A group representing a man in the arms of the law for buying a box of chocolates at 10.5 p.m. Or a picture of the King's Proctor in the performance of his duties as the public Peeping Tom. Something that would be a real *curiosity* for the children of the twenty-first century when Uncle takes them for a treat. And not something they might see any day by looking about them.

IT is often a neat little test of sanity in regard to what get called "questions of the day," if you ask yourself how you would regard them if you were looking back an odd century or so, instead of a few years on. Imagine if the Channel Tunnel, for instance, were a *fait accompli*; could you conceive England and the Continent without it?

AND it might well be difficult to imagine how we existed at all with so little provision in our homes for the climate. I see an American lady who is standing for the House of Commons—*not* Lady Astor—explained the other day to her prospective constituents that Prohibition was impossible over here because of the cold. In the States, she said, it is easy to do without intoxicants because the houses are so well warmed and draught-proof. But what is to happen when it comes to going out she left to the imagination.

THE best thing being to avoid going out whenever possible, as, to judge from the poor attendances at some private dances and the theatres last week, most people decided. But a form of party that enjoyed a new-found popularity was the Bright Young Idea of holding Bath and Cocktail receptions. "Bring your own Towels, Sponges Optional," state the invitation cards. I should be only too pleased to be placed in the position of hostess, but at present the plumber still has the option on the bath pipes.

"Have you had any luck in the great new treasure hunt for the plumber?"

This Complete Method of SKIN-CARE *will appeal to you*

1. POND'S COLD CREAM

As often as necessary during the day, and always last thing at night, use *Pond's Cold Cream* to cleanse deep down in the pores, restore suppleness to the tissues, and nourish those that are newly forming.

2. POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES

After a minute or so remove the cream and impurities which it has brought to the surface, with *Pond's Cleansing Tissues.* These tissues are as soft and absorbent as old linen, and are discarded after use.

3. POND'S SKIN FRESHENER

Then brace the skin and close the pores with *Pond's Skin Freshener.* This makes the skin tingle and feel gloriously alive.

4. POND'S VANISHING CREAM

Finally—except after the bed-time cleansing—a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* will give a beautiful appearance to the skin, act as a reliable base for your powder, and protect the delicate tissues from the weather. Use it always before going out.

Pond's have introduced the Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues in response to repeated requests, so that now you have a *complete* method of skin-care—throughout as reliable, effective and simple in use as Pond's Two Famous Creams.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

Pond's Vanishing Cream, Opal Jars 2/6 and 1/3, Tubes 1/- and 6d.
Pond's Cold Cream, Opal Jars 5/-, 2/6 and 1/3, Tubes 2/6, 1/- and 6d.
Pond's Cleansing Tissues, per Box 2/6 and 1/6.
Pond's Skin Freshener, per Bottle 5/6, 3/-, and 1/-.

Send 1/- to Pond's Extract Co. (Dept. 113), 103 St. John St., London, E.C.1, for a week's supply of all four specialities, and see how fine, smooth and clear they make your skin.

MOTOR NOTES

A Crossley Six and a primitive rustic waggon seen in contrast on a road in the Pyrenees

WOMEN EXPERTS

By E. M. WRIGHT

ONE does not have to look far to see the increasingly active part played by women in almost everything pertaining to motoring today. A few years back it was always the man of the family who chose the new car. If women so much as drew in a breath to question his choice they could be silenced by dark hints of "crankshaft whip," or "dud back axles," you know. Today, however, the general level of excellence is so uniformly high that to choose between one chassis and another in the same class is really a brain-taxing problem. And, whatever the various points may be, woman probably knows just as much about them as man.

***

So it is on bodywork that the choice is made—on that combination of qualities that make up comfort. Now what does mere man by himself know about comfort? Practically nothing, beyond how to enjoy it. All of his comfort is of some woman's devising. It is not merely that he does not know how to create it for himself; many a woman will tell you with emphasis that he does not even recognise it when it is given him. What wonder, then, if Eve was called into conference when it comes to choosing the car?

***

I RECALL some quietly amusing stories that used to be told in the days when women knew less about cars. At the Armstrong Siddeley works, in Coventry, they tell of two men who arrived with their wives to inspect a range of cars with the idea of purchasing. After deciding the type of car there was the question of colour. The salesman wished to side with the men in choice, but this desire left him between two fires. However, he suggested spinning a coin, and after a lot of talk the wives were persuaded to agree to this. The coin was spun and perversely decided the issue in favour of the husbands' choice. Sad to relate, however, before leaving the factory the position had changed and the order as finally signed was enough to show that Eve is still as persuasive as ever.

***

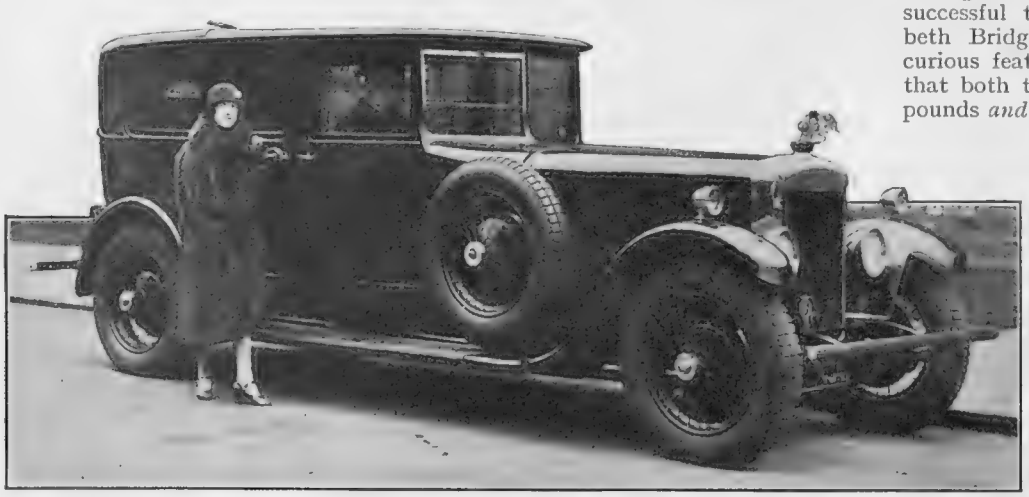
MAKERS of another car introduced one year a very attractive yellow, called by the paint manufacturers "deep biscuit." In reality, however, it was more yellow than biscuit. One lady, having hesitated for some time, finally decided on the new colour, but added, "The only thing I have against your deep biscuit is that you put too many eggs in it." Another smart young thing, referring to the same colour, said, "I think your deep biscuit needs a little more baking."

***

THERE is not at first sight much connection between the total value of fines collected from motorists during the latter half of 1928 and the successful tender for the new Lambeth Bridge, but both possess one curious feature in common. That is that both totals amount to so many pounds *and* so many odd shillings and pence. The fines amounted to £23,496 18*s.* 11*d.*, and—more curious still—the amount of the successful estimate for the bridge was £555,029 and six shillings and fourpence!

***

THE motoring laws of England bristle with quaint anomalies, but of all the offences which one may commit surely none will so puzzle the lay mind as that for which apparently due reparation is assessed at



Miss Nellie Wallace, of music-hall fame, facing the photographer prior to going for a drive in her new Daimler 35/120 enclosed landaulet

TRADE MARK

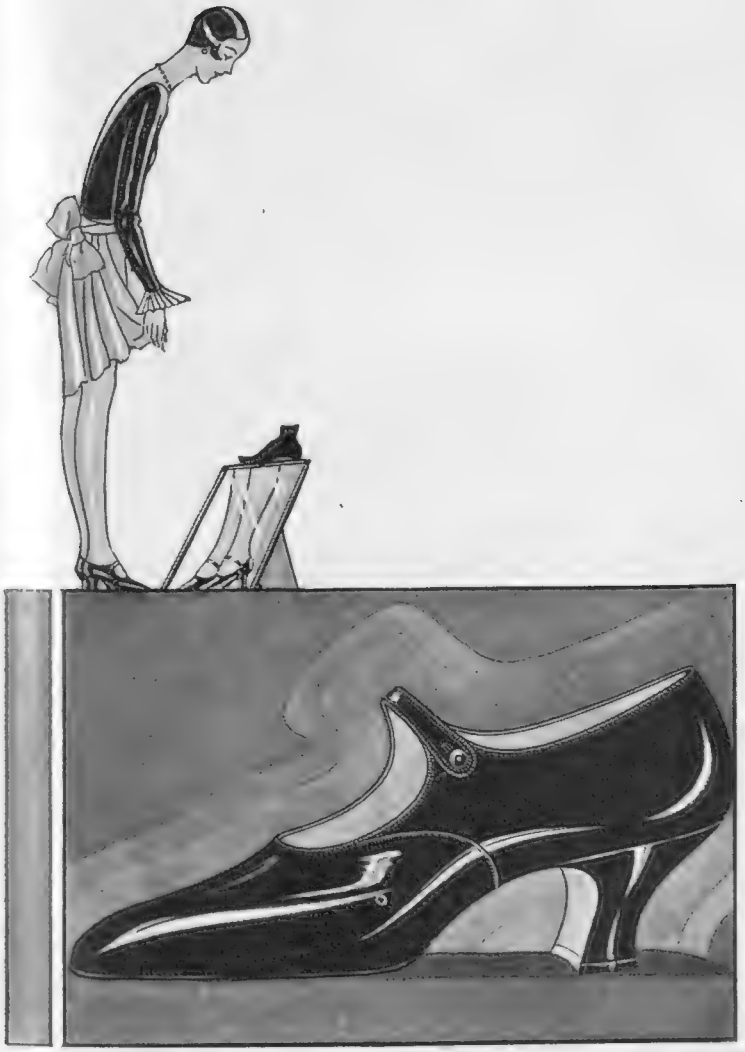
A Personal Message from

Charles H. Baber.

PIONEER
OF FOOT COMFORT
now in REGENT STREET

It is with great satisfaction that I am at last able to offer my patrons Shoes of entirely British Manufacture incorporating the ideas and devices I have advocated for many years, and upon which I have built my reputation and business. ——————————

These shoes are made to my own specifications, with steel shank, and incorporate the principle — of which I am the originator and pioneer — of heel to ball fitting. ——————



A TRIUMPH OF BRITISH CRAFTSMANSHIP

My first model is a plain one strap which is so smart and effective. It is light and flexible, and in appearance as well as in comfort leaves nothing to be desired. Added to this is the fitting service which I claim to be unique. In this connection I am happy to state that helping me in my Regent Street Store are **Mr. Nancholas, Mr. Dore, Miss Judge, Miss Cunningham,** who started with me over seven years ago. ——————————

MADE IN

PATENT BLACK KID BROWN KID FIELD MOUSE BLACK SUEDE BROWN SUEDE	47/6	BROWN SEAL	57/6
		BROWN LIZARD	75/-

To avoid confusion, it is necessary to state that I am the original "Baber" the discoverer and pioneer of heel to ball fitting, and now trade only under the name of Charles H. Baber. There is no other Baber in the retail shoe trade.

CHARLES H. BABER LTD 302/8 REGENT ST.

(Continued from page 438)

18*s.* 11*d.* Was a magistrate so softened by the prompt repentance of the criminal in the dock that he allowed him a discount? Or did some other magistrate, influenced by the methods of our big department stores, introduce a bargain week in his court, charging crime at cost price? Bargains for motorists! The idea is new, and perhaps worth trying at Easter and holiday times when goodwill is abroad.

***

It is, however, when I come to consider the tender for the bridge that my curiosity is really aroused. How, when estimating in hundreds of thousands, can one possibly work out costs to a matter of 6*s.* 4*d.*? Does such a sum represent incredible exactitude in costing, in which case I tremble to think of the disorganisation which must inevitably result should even one unimportant item—such as nails for the workmen's huts—increase in cost by a fraction of a penny. Is this odd amount, on the other hand, an artistic touch designed to appeal to the officials of the department in charge of letting the contract? A contract price which is given in round figures suggests guesswork, but here—so the officials might say—is a firm which can tell you the cost of the bridge down to the last penny!

***

Was the amount of the tender, perhaps, arrived at in the same manner as the lawyer's bill which is to be "taxed," and in which every conceivable item is included in the expectation that when pruned it will still represent a handsome profit? That theory, however, must be rejected at once, for it would be against all legal practice not to make the 6*s.* 4*d.* at least 6*s.* 8*d.* It is idle to propound theories for no answer will ever be forthcoming to them. But never, never let it be said that our great industrial magnates fail to consider detail.

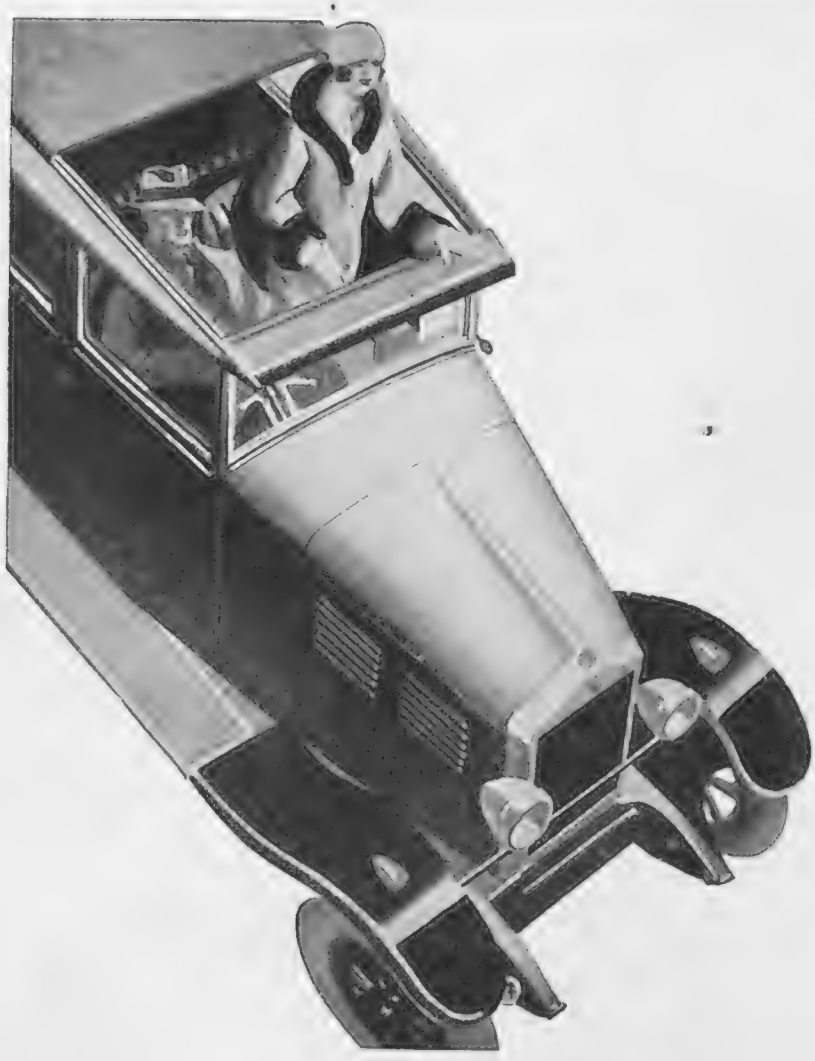
A 20-65 h.p. six-cylinder Humber Saloon on Fish Hill, one of the most famous roads in the Cotswolds

***

At a recent dance of the Owner Drivers' Club amongst the favours given away was a pocket electric torch of a type that thousands of motorists and others have wanted. By pulling forward a sliding hood carrying a small length of pencil lead, you have a pencil and light in one, and can write in comfort while the light is concentrated on the paper only and shaded from every other quarter. Used by the passenger next the driver, for instance, it would not distract him, as would an ordinary torch, and occupants of the rear seats could read or write without causing reflections in the windscreen. Just the thing, too, for those unfortunates who get all their brilliant brain-waves in the middle of the night, and want to jot them down under the bed-clothes without disturbing the wife! By the way, this extremely enterprising club, whose quarters in Criterion Buildings overlook Piccadilly Circus—the heart of the West End—is making excellent progress, thanks largely to those pioneers, Messrs. Frank T. Craig and C. E. Roberts, who founded it in the very teeth—so to speak—of the General Strike.

***

There is an increasing number of cars which, though bearing foreign names, are, in fact, largely British made. Amongst them is the Citroën, which is now largely produced at the great Citroën works at Slough in Buckinghamshire, where the *personnel* is entirely British. Many recent purchases of factory equipment have been made by the Citroën Company, and they include a large consignment of the most modern and up-to-date machine tools, every one of which is British made. The Slough works is now in its fourth year of production. E. M. W.



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Standard Nine Saloons — ample room for four six-footers—40 m.p.g.—tax £10.

From £190

6 Cyl. Fifteen "Exmouth" Saloon, **£325**
All fitted with "Stanlite" sliding roof.

Write for full information and interesting literature.

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MOTOR ACCIDENT IN KENT.

STEEL HAWSER ACROSS THE ROAD.

A motor-car in which Mr. T. F. Green, proprietor of the Bell Hotel, Staplehurst his wife, and two children were travelling from Staplehurst to Tenterden on Wednesday afternoon, ran into a steel hawser which was stretched across the road. "It was a marvel how we escaped as well as we did," Mr. Green stated afterwards to a Press Association representative. "It was quite light at the time, but the hawser was hidden from view by a lorry which lay half-way across the road in front of it. I saw it first, when we were about 10 yards away. I called out to my wife, who pushed the children into the bottom of the car and ducked her head. I ducked mine, and the next moment the hood of the car was ripped off. The wind screen was bent back, but as it was fitted with unsplinterable glass the glass did not fly, or we might have been killed."

"the hood of the car was ripped off"

Fit "TripleX" Regd. -and be safe!

Make sure it's Triplex: look for the three X's in a circle: this Trade Mark is on all Genuine Triplex Glass.

Shatter-proof X XX Splinter-proof

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ML VOB ML VOB ML VOB ML VOB ML VOB ML VOB ML VOB ML VOB ML VOB ML VOB

THE INITIAL BID OF ONE AT CONTRACT

By "ACES EASY"

THE original call of one at Auction announced the presence of at least two quick tricks in the bidder's hand; at Contract it announces three. This is the first and great commandment.

❋

THE reason for this heavy requirement lies in the fact that there is no denial of suits from weakness at the new game; every bid announces strength. Without the warning that enabled weak hands to be freely bid at Auction, the old-fashioned call of "Ace-king to five and an ace" once more comes into its own. To wait for this type of hand, of course, limits the calling; but it will save you thousands of points in the year.

❋

The trump suit need not have top honours at its head. Queen-jack-ten to five, and an ace-king, with an ace or a king-queen in addition, is a good call in any suit, major or minor. King-queen to five with two aces outside is a call; ace-queen-ten or ace-jack-ten to five with an ace and a king is a call; ace to five with two aces or two king-queens is a call. Five to anything with two ace-kings is a call, but scarcely one to be recommended to the weak player or the player with a weak partner.

❋

AS majority calling is the rule, it is essential to abjure the bids prevalent in some circles of one of a minor on three cards; dangerous at Auction, they may be fatal at Contract, where the penalties are so much more severe.

One can win more and lose less by saying "No bid" at the right time at Contract than by any other means.

❋

I MUST say in fairness to those who deprecate this conservatism that they can find authorities, and great names in the Bridge world at that, to recommend infinitely weaker bids. But after an extensive personal experience—one somewhat expensive as well as extensive—I have come to the conclusion that two quick tricks in hand and a suit no longer than five cards, is a losing gambit. With six cards it is possible to bid; with seven cards and two quick tricks it is obligatory.

❋

THE four-card bid at Contract must be used sparingly. *Like* the five-card bid, it must announce three tricks; *unlike* the five-card bid, it needs top honours. With only an ace outside the trump suit, the latter must be headed by at least ace-king-jack; ace-queen-jack; ace-king-queen, or better. In the case of a skilled player with an equally skilled partner, the requirement may be lightened to ace-king, or king-queen-jack, but, though one bid with the tongues of men and of angels, no lower. With an extra outside trick, however, weaker suits—headed by ace-queen-ten; ace-jack-ten; king-queen-ten; ace-jack-nine; etc.—may, and should, be bid.

❋

WITH the original bid of no trumps I incline even more strongly to conservatism. I have won so much from no-trump fanatics against whom I have played at Auction that I made it a rule in good company *never* to bid *Sans-à-Tout* with an unstopped suit; *never* with a singleton (save when I had a blank ace and game in hand before I lost the lead); *never* on a hand weaker than an ace above the average.

❋

THE above three regulations are imperative at the new game; the "Two suit no-trumper" is a snare and a delusion; the "Three ace no-trumper" a farce. There is invariably a better call on the cards in both cases.

NEXT WEEK:

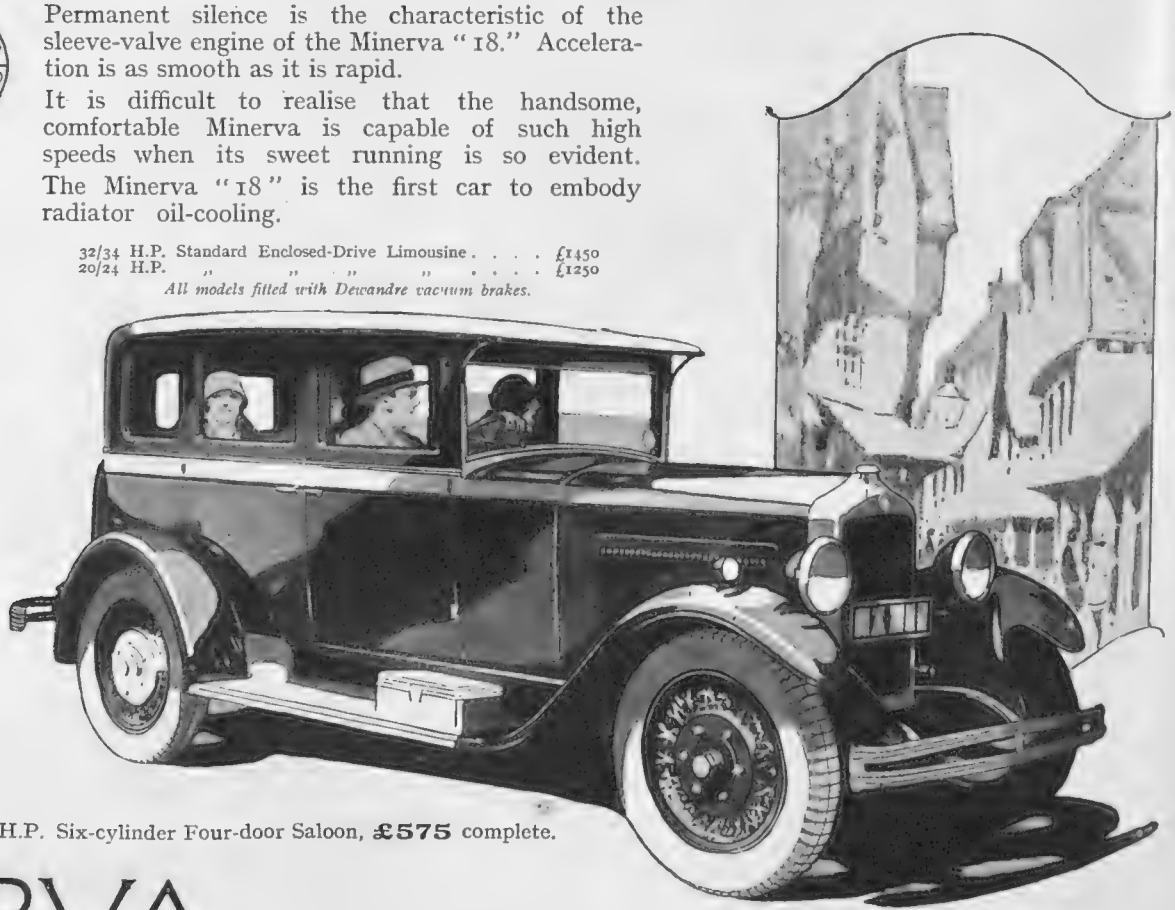
CONVENTIONAL BIDS OF MORE THAN ONE

THE GODDESS OF AUTOMOBILES

Permanent silence is the characteristic of the sleeve-valve engine of the Minerva "18." Acceleration is as smooth as it is rapid.

It is difficult to realise that the handsome, comfortable Minerva is capable of such high speeds when its sweet running is so evident. The Minerva "18" is the first car to embody radiator oil-cooling.

32/34 H.P. Standard Enclosed-Drive Limousine £1450
20/24 H.P. " " " " £1250
All models fitted with Dewandre vacuum brakes.



18 H.P. Six-cylinder Four-door Saloon, **£575** complete.

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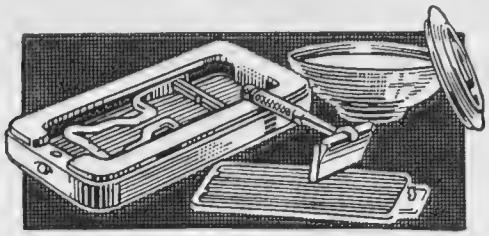

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Razor Sets 21/ and 27/6. Soap Bowl 3/6.
Bowl Refill 2/-. Shaving Cream 1/3.

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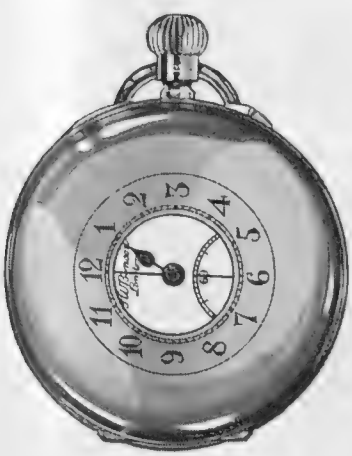
CHAMPAGNE

DRY IMPERIAL *VINTAGE 1919*

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY.

Messrs. Moët & Chandon are the owners of the largest acreage of vineyards in the Champagne District and are the biggest distributors of that Wine in the World. They export to this Country a greater quantity of Champagne than any other house.
The "Dry Imperial" 1919 vintage is a very fine example of the brand.



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DOGS

WHAT'S WANTED AT SHOWS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

AMONG the last of this month's many Dog Shows comes that of to-day (Wednesday) at Tunbridge Wells, with the pleasant old Pantiles for background. The City and Suburban Show at the Alexandra Palace on Thursday of next week will be quite a big affair; and "The Show of the North" is due at Manchester on March 20 and 21, an event in which the kennels of the South are always well to the fore.

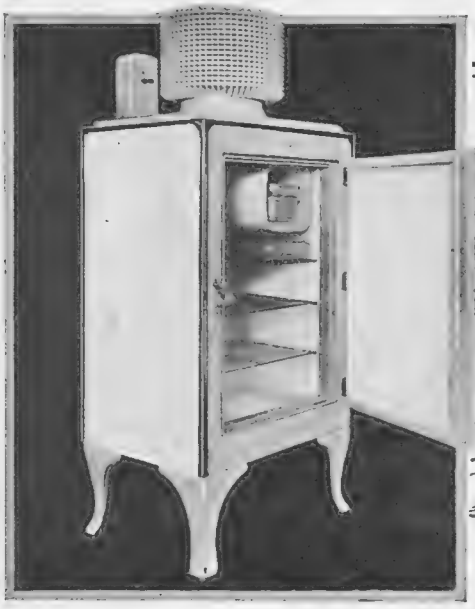
"OUR modern shows," writes "An Old Fancier," "are admittedly well run and twenty times more numerous than in my early days; but I have this criticism to offer. They are not accomplishing what they could and should, so far as the general public is concerned. Our canine population is now about four millions, and the number of people in this country who are 'fond of' Dogs cannot be short of twelve millions. How many of them ever attend a Dog Show? The percentage is small, and the reason is that, admirably though the Dogs themselves, and the fanciers, are catered for, little or nothing is done to attract those who could reap the most benefit, *and confer the most benefit on dogdom*: that is the big public who are just 'fond of' Dogs."

THIS reader goes on to explain that the experts don't need the wealth of

An international affair in Wales: Two Scotch Terriers and a Welsh Terrier are sporting rivals at the Kefn Kennels, Builth Wells

doggy knowledge that can be picked up at shows, and that the general public, who do need it, and would find it absorbingly interesting, are not to be attracted by the mere benching, rank on rank, even of the finest Dogs in the world, because not learned enough in the subtle differences of points and type—". . . and never will be, until they get the chance of learning more about the general qualities and characteristics of really fine Dogs. It's special competitions that are needed to attract the general public.

IT'S queer that nine-tenths of the talk and writing about cruelty to animals should be so much beside the mark; but it mostly is, where circuses and performing animals are concerned. The bad old days of red-hot irons, cruel beating and the like, really have departed—from this part of the world; albeit not from all countries. The cruelty that remains is of another kind. Modern public opinion being what it is, economic factors and self-interest, to say nothing of better motives, may be relied on to safeguard performing animals against bodily ill-treatment. It pays to keep them fit. But, just as human beings can be kept fit in the most rigorous kind of penal servitude, so performing animals can be kept physically fit, in a life which, for them, may be one of great wretchedness. A canary in a cage and a horse in a circus need not necessarily be miserable; a wolf or an eagle in a cage could not be other than wretched. Where the daily life of a performing animal (quite apart from its performance or training) involves drastic repression of natural habits, the existence of that animal is not a happy one.



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FLYING NOTES

AN AFRICAN RAMBLE

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

A striking view of a wrecked R.A.F. Hyderatad Bomber which crashed into a tree when making a forced landing on Harrow School's Rugger ground. Two R.A.F. officers and a mechanic were injured

On February 12 the R.A.F. Fairey Napier machines left Cairo for their annual ramble through Africa to Cape Town. They will be accompanied on the return flight as far as Khartoum by machines of the South African Air Force, which shares the responsibility with us of policing Africa from above. A flight of Supermarine Napier flying boats, similar to those stationed at Singapore, is now on its way to Basra, which becomes the Empire's second base for marine aircraft. Meanwhile private owners are busy poring over maps and charts at Stanford's whilst their machines get the final "once over" at the manufacturers before some great dash across the world. Each year sees a flight more remarkable than the last, and yet some of the machines seem to go on for ever. Sir Alan Cobham's old and faithful friend "F.O.," the D.H.50 which was trained for several years to survey the green fields of England, and which afterwards took him to Rangoon, Cape Town and Australia, has now been sold to West Australian Airways. Vivid with bright paint and fitted with a brand new engine, she has avoided the chilly embrace of some museum to start a new life out in the Bush.

I'll Teach the World

So said the "Moth" which took to the air for India, China and Kashmir. Talking of China, Marshall Sengyin-Hsiang has ordered four "Moths" for training purposes, and at least one Chinese student of aviation at present in this country is planning to return by air. A monopoly in a new industry being a thing to be avoided, twenty "Avians" with Mark III Cirrus engines are also proceeding to China, just to show them that one British aeroplane is as good as another. There is a "Moth" on its way to the flying club at Mozambique, whilst Peru has ordered its first machine in metal. In Finland, where they can run some, they can also fly, there being twenty-six clubs already in existence. In a country where the thermometer gets stuck below zero for six months on end the comfort promised by a coupé "Moth" is appreciated.

Lt.-Col. Moore Brabazon, whom it has been decided by a Committee of the Royal Aero Club was the first British subject to make an aeroplane flight in the British Isles, making a flight at Eastchurch in the Spring of 1909

A Notice to Airmen

The Air Ministry have issued one of their familiar blue slips, requesting pilots to refrain from flying within four miles of Craigweil House, Bognor, during the residence of His Majesty the King.

Around the Clubs

Last year the Suffolk Club accumulated more than 600 hours' flying time with their three "Bluebirds," and not one forced landing was caused through engine failure. A country club is to be opened next month at Tollerton Hall, near Nottingham, and close by is the aerodrome used by the local flying club. A spot of reciprocity seems to be indicated in order that the members of either may use the facilities of both. Miss Emma Haig is one of the latest recruits for the Brooklands School of Flying, where instruction may be taken on Renault "Avros" and "Moths." The Liverpool Club has a new "Avian" Mark IV, and the all-metal "Bluebird" should be circulating quite shortly.

Pressing the Button

The "Hawk Moth" is the first British commercial aeroplane to be fitted with a self-starter; not the sort of starter that requires dope or other forms of illegal excitement, but a real "press the button and off she goes" variety. You may think this not a very considerable achievement, as all motor cars can be started in this way, but no aircraft manufacturer has thought fit to install such a convenience before, principally because no reliable starter for aero engines has been produced. Mr. Heywood, the designer, deserves full marks for his invention, and it is to the credit of Sir Alan Cobham that the starter was introduced into this country from the States. We know the "Moth" coupé, the "Hawk Moth" family saloon, the air yacht, and the air liner. Now a new type has been born, unique in the history of British aviation, to be known as the first air limousine. Built by Westlands at Yeovil, and engined by three trusty Cirrus, this machine carries five passengers, a pilot and luggage in the greatest comfort and with maximum safety.

NEVER BEFORE SO FINE A CAR AT THE PRICE

JUDGING by appearance you would say the new Nash '400' is a very fine car. Anything smarter would be verging on extremes. But there is nothing freakish about the Nash. Only restraint and dignity with the satisfying promise of comfort, speed and power. Such a car would hold its own in any company. It would look in place outside an important business conference, beside the track at Brooklands, touring on country roads, or shopping in Regent Street. It is the car of the year—one of the greatest successes the motor industry has ever known. Already more than 120,000 have been sold. We invite you to write for the catalogue explaining many special Nash features possessed by no other car, or if you 'phone Paddington 9777 we will be pleased to arrange a trial run.

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

LINER LOVE

By RALPH STRAUS

Isa Glenn, whose novel, "Transport" (Knopf: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page. She is a member of a distinguished American family of the South, and is a cousin of Whistler

WHAT a quaint thing a steamship friendship usually is! You embark on a big liner bound, let us say, for Australia, and find yourself in an uncomfortably aloof little world. But within forty-eight hours you have come to know and like at least half a dozen people who have changed from old strangers to the jolliest companions, and for the rest of the voyage they are the greatest friends you have in the world. Not only that: you would be prepared to swear that they will remain your greatest friends for the rest of your life. You make all sorts of delightful plans for the future, and on the sad day of disembarkation you say *au revoir* convinced that only a week at most will elapse before the first of these plans will mature.

❋

AND what happens? Within another forty-eight hours you are not only in process of forgetting your plans, but you are not even sure that you particularly want to see these great friends of yours again. In a fortnight's time they have faded into vague acquaintances: in six months you have forgotten their names. And if by some chance you meet one of them a year or so later you are merely polite in a self-conscious sort of way. You talk of the ship because you have nothing else to talk about, but you are not really interested, and you are almost relieved when you can decently say good-bye.

❋

FOR all that the friendship is sincere enough while it lasts, and there are as many real dramas acted on board a liner as anywhere else. Indeed, they are often all the more intense because of the abnormal environment. The restricted conditions of life, the monotonous routine, the queer changes of temperature—yes, people can easily become tiny caricatures of themselves on the high seas. If, too, the ship itself is of a special kind, and the passengers are all connected with the same profession, as would be the case in a military transport, almost *anything* might happen.

❋

I HAVE been reading Isa Glenn's curious and in some ways very remarkable novel, *Transport* (Knopf: 7s. 6d.) with genuine interest. With an almost diabolical skill the writer shows us how on that three weeks' run, through the ever-increasing heat, from San Francisco to Manila, tempers become short, hysteria is rampant, flirtations become hectic, and scandal is the only goddess of any account. Some half-dozen American officers of various ranks and their wives and children are the chief actors, and although everything in one sense is querulous and petty and only of the moment, there is bigger and subtler drama lurking in the background.

❋

THIS book is enjoyable. The staging is clever, the people are real, and the always increasing tension is most cleverly suggested. I am only doubtful about one little point. Has Miss Glenn exaggerated things a little too much? Or, rather, has she been wise to allow so many of her characters to be adversely affected by the voyage? I can understand the wretched Major getting drunk every day, and Mrs. Mellish's cradle-snatching, and the "dope," and the queer small boy, and the ridiculous Colonel, and the bewildered Miss Haug, but I should have preferred the very sane Mrs. Swan, whose "past" provides the other ladies with so much material for their ghastly gossip, to remain quite sane all the while, and one of the officers at least might have been permitted to set the others a good example.

❋

BUT this is a small matter, and I should not mind very much were I to be told, on excellent authority, that American military officers are not in the least like Miss Glenn's unflattering portraits of them. She makes you understand these people of hers, and the queer little world which they construct for themselves. Moreover, she allows you to see that when land is reached all unnatural tension will disappear.

❋

MISS GLENN is writing about fairly normal people in abnormal surroundings. Miss Margaret Goldsmith in *Belated Adventure* (Cape: 7s. 6d.) tries to interest us in slightly abnormal people battling in quite ordinary places. And once again I do not find psycho-analysis, when applied to fiction, wildly exciting.

❋

HERE you have a woman-lawyer, American by birth, but living in London, marrying a young man who has never properly grown up. In the old days you talked about the maternal apron-strings, but such garments have now gone out of fashion, and to-day we speak, more daringly, of a mother-fixation. Richard is not a success as a husband, and nobody will be particularly surprised. Nevertheless he makes an effort to be boldly adult, though, unfortunately for his wife, he goes elsewhere for amusement. She can forgive the short affair with Mussia, a Russian girl (and, incidentally, a first-rate portrait), but she draws the line—and I don't blame her—when her own best friend steps, almost unbelievably, into the Russian's shoes.

Mr. R. C Sherriff, the author of "Journey's End," the remarkable war play that is showing to packed houses at the Savoy Theatre. Mr. Sherriff has been captain of the Kingston Rowing Club for three years, and also plays in the threequarter line for Rosslyn Park

FRANKLY, I found myself skipping. Yet there is any amount of shrewd observation, real feeling, and an honest desire to unveil things as we know they are. At the same time it is difficult to feel much interest in Richard, and Bernice herself is shadowy in parts. You know all the while that Miss Goldsmith is writing sincerely, but—following the now popular slogan, I suppose one must say that sincerity is not enough.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued*)

I TURN to a very lovely piece of work which is much too good to be missed. *The Shepherd and the Child* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by John Owen, is the story of a simple-minded man who, like a little friend that he makes, hates killing, yet kills the man who has robbed him of the woman he loves. The most "ordinary" story, you see, but told so graciously as to compel your admiration. I could say much more of this book, but it is not really necessary. You will be enchanted by its simplicity and its beauty.

❋

FINALLY, a few nice little crimes, or, at any rate, misdemeanours. If you are not too easily shocked by the rougher manners of the eighteenth century you should read *The Life and Uncommon Adventures of Captain Dudley Bradstreet* (Hamilton: 10*s.* 6*d.*), now reprinted, with an introduction by Mr. E. H. W. Meyerstein, from the original edition of 1755. This Irishman certainly made the most of his life. He was soldier and conjurer and brewer and playwright and spy. And he was generally in some kind of trouble, either with money or, more frequently, with the ladies. He was very fond of the ladies, and they seem to have been very fond of him. His memoirs make up a swashbuckling sort of book which is undeniably diverting.

❋

WE come to more serious crimes in two detective stories which I can recommend. A new puzzle by Brian Flynn always attracts me, and *The Murders Near Mapleton* (Hamilton: 7*s.* 6*d.*), if not the equal of the—to me—ever-memorable *Billiard Room Mystery*, recounts a most mysterious affair. Mr. Anthony Bathurst, that bright young man in whom even Scotland Yard finds so useful an ally, once again appears, and few readers are likely to understand what really happened on Christmas Eve at Sir Eustace Vernon's country house before Mr. Flynn, or, rather, Mr. Bathurst, chooses to explain.

❋

FOR myself, I think I would like to read a shocker called *The Pool of Blood*, but I admit that Mr. Milward Kennedy, who was part-author of *The Bleston Mystery*, has come near to my ideal title with his *The Corpse on the Mat* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*). And the story is quite as jolly as its title.

❋

CORPSES do not usually ring bells. Then how——. But I must not give things away. Mr. Kennedy, who, incidentally, would be very angry were I to tell you his real name, writes very well, and I should not be surprised to find him publishing a very different kind of story one of these days. Meanwhile his ingenuity must be read to be believed.

OUR LIBRARY LIST

YOUNG WOODLEY. By John Van Druten. (Putnam: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—Reversing the usual procedure, Mr. Van Druten makes his now famous play into a novel, and as novels go it is excellently done. But I don't quite believe in all the boys at his public school, though its staff is probably portrayed without exaggeration, and what "gets over" the footlights is not always so satisfactory between the covers of a book.

LIKE SHADOWS ON THE WALL. By W. B. Maxwell. (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—Short, poignant things, showing the seamier side of life from an unsentimental angle. Some of them more than poignant—rather terrible, in fact. Others, however, much lighter. Mr. Maxwell obtains his effects with apparent ease, and this new collection makes very good reading.

SQUIRREL'S CAGE. By Godfrey Winn. (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—Not so good as the author's *Dreams Fade*, but not uninteresting. The stage as background and an actress as heroine. Career v. marriage: which shall it be? Several excellent portraits, and one or two oddities. The worst of these stage stories is that they are so often the same.

A FEW FRIENDS. By Humphrey Jordan. (Murray: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—Stories, unusually charming, of men and women and the animals they love. The beasts are not "humanly sentimental," but none the less interesting on that account. Some pathetic, others amusing. A very pleasant book indeed.

STAND AND DELIVER. By Elizabeth Villiers. (S. Paul: 12*s.* 6*d.*)—Sketches, half-fiction, half-fact, of old-time "heroes" of the road, Turpin, Duval, Sheppard, and the unspeakable Jonathan Wild as a matter of course; and a few lesser fry, like Richard Dudley and Spring-Heeled Jack. Nothing much new, but pleasantly written.

R. S.

Of especial interest in view of the recent agreement between the Papacy and the Kingdom of Italy is "The Bride Adorned," a novel of Rome in the sixties. This book, by D. L. Murray, will be welcomed by those curious to realise what Rome under Papal Government was really like. It is vivid in descriptive quality and sure of its detail Publishers, Messrs. Constable.

RHEUMATISM

Banished by Kruschen

"I have taken Kruschen Salts for 7 years. What did I take them for? Because I was nearly a cripple. The doctors told me it was Rheumatism. I took Kruschen Salts for a month and was then able, with the assistance of my son, to get up and down stairs by resting my hands on his shoulders. As time went on my nerves got stronger and now, although I am over 60, I feel like a woman of 30, and shall take Kruschen Salts as long as I live—they are wonderful. Kruschen has enabled me to rise at 6 o'clock every morning, and I can positively say that I have not had one half day in bed for the whole 7 years that I have taken it."
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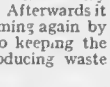

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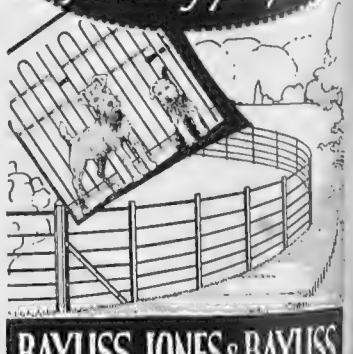

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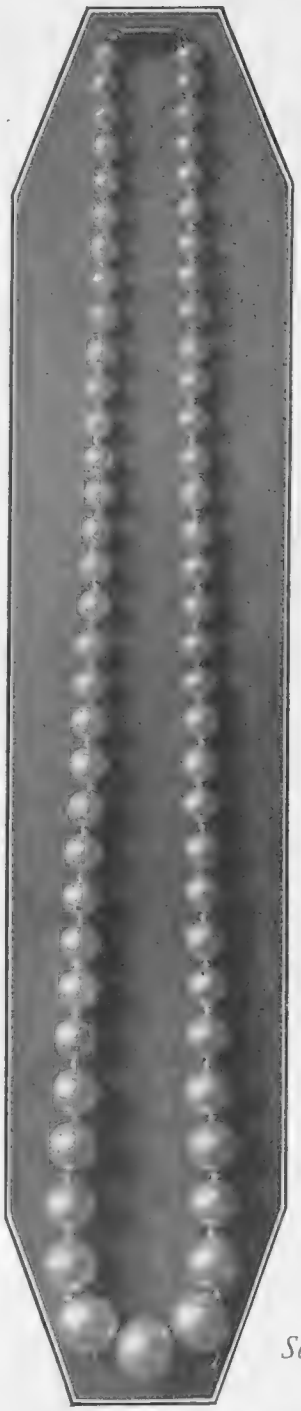

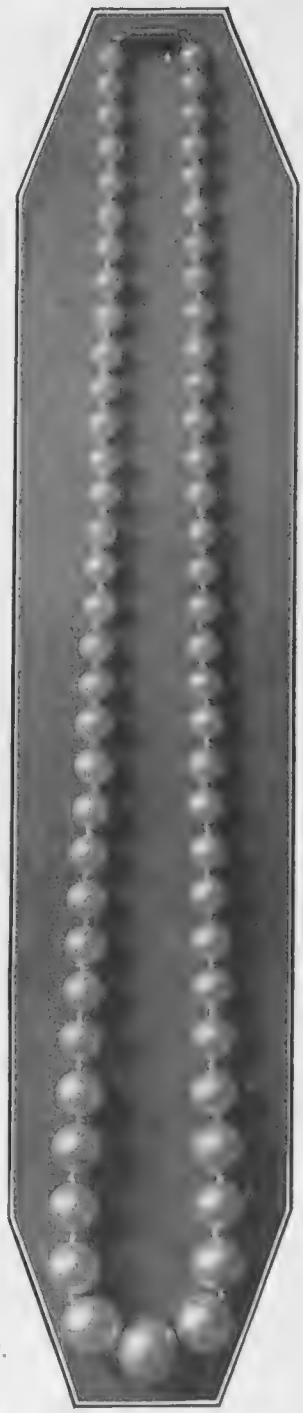

Well, can you? Suppose you find yourself to-morrow in one of the Ciro salons.

And suppose that you are introduced first to one necklet of pearls and then to another; and that the second seems the twin of the first in every way. Yes, and then suppose you are told that the pearls of one adorable necklet are Ciro and that the others are real. Will you be able to tell which is which? Decide as you may, it will be only pure chance whether you are right or wrong.

For Ciro pearls have the glow and glory of pearls from an eastern sea. Ciro pearls are the gift of science—to the woman who loves lovely things.

¶ AN INVITATION. *We shall be pleased upon receipt of one guinea to send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls such as you see here,* 16*ins. long. Keep it a fortnight, and if, on comparison with real pearls, you can find any difference, send them back and the money will be returned.*

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FASHION'S FANCIES

The DEBUT of the EVENING REDINGOTE

Specially Sketched by HELEN McKIE

FASHION allows her imagination full play in the limitless sphere of evening coats. They may dip down to the floor at the back, in harmony with the frocks they accompany, or, quite unexpectedly, they may be very tight, short and plain, with the frock billowing below. Brocades, satins and moires are used extensively, and ermine is a favourite fur. A third alternative this season is a most original version of the redingote, the coat fitting closely to the figure, outlining the hips and then falling in a full, fluted skirt which swings freely and looks graceful even over the most uneven hemline. The one sketched on this page expresses perfectly this new model. It is of metal brocade, faintly patterned with flowers in soft colourings mingled with foliage of dull gold on a background of green. The only decoration are the unusual cuffs and collar, which are bordered with tiers of scallops edged with gold braid. It was sketched at Liberty's, Regent Street, which fact alone gives an idea of the beauty of the colouring better than words.

NEW NOTES IN LINGERIE

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow."

To merit so charming a description as this would fill any woman with pride; for not only is a flawless complexion essential to loveliness, it is a tremendous social asset. To preserve always a well-groomed appearance, to have a skin which radiates vitality, to retain the freshness of youth—therein lies one of the greatest secrets of success. It can so easily be achieved, for only a little time need be devoted to the cult of beauty. The main thing is the choice of preparations which are absolutely pure and which have been scientifically created to really fulfil the needs of the skin. Pond's Creams have long been used by women who are renowned for the perfection of their complexions.

Four Friends in Need

At night Pond's Cold Cream should be massaged into the skin of face, neck and arms. The penetrating oils sink into the pores, and it should be allowed to remain on for a little while. Gradually all feeling of strain and weariness melts away, and when the cream is eventually gently wiped off, a delightful sensation of freshness is experienced. Always after exposure this cream should be used, for then a weatherbeaten look can never obliterate the natural delicacy of colouring. In the morning a light application of the cream is advocated. This should be removed with the Cleansing Tissues. Soft as silk, and marvellously absorbent, Pond's have made them by special request. Then comes the wonderful new Tonic Skin Freshener. This should be briskly patted in, for it invigorates, closes the pores, and has a very beneficial bracing effect. Finally, just a soupçon of Pond's Vanishing Cream, to give a smooth matt surface to which the powder will adhere evenly and lastingly. And after that one can look the whole world in the face, happily assured that one is looking one's very best, and that one can afford to laugh at age.

New Spring Lingerie

At all seasons of the year women delight in fragile undergarments, but the lure of new Spring lingerie always proves to be quite irresistible. This year lovely colours are used in profusion. In some instances patterns of tiny tucks and vivid appliqués in geometrical and fruit designs are being shown. Groups of cherries with large leaves may trail down the front of a nightdress, or, starting from the shoulder, and continuing in regular formation to the knee, triangles, squares and circles, each in a contrasting shade, may form the mode of decoration. Illustrated at the foot of this page is a charming nightgown and a camibocker from Robinson and Cleaver, Regent Street. Made of washing satin, in delicate hues, the nightdress (which costs 49*s.* 9*d.*) is effectively trimmed with écru lace and groups of tucks. It ties across the front with a narrow sash. The camibockers are adorned with hemstitching and lace, and there is a net frill at the knees.

Women who are famous for their chic rely on Pond's preparations to preserve and beautify their complexions. Pond's Skin Freshener and their Cleansing Tissues have now come to join those old favourites, Pond's Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream

A charming lace-trimmed nightdress in washing satin and a very becoming boudoir cap adorned with rouleaux of ribbon. They come from Robinson and Cleaver, and so does the well-cut camibocker

Sketches by Margot

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BANTAM WEIGHT

seems to become part of the foot from the first moment's wear—you are conscious only of a light "shoe less" feeling.

Ideal for The DINNER, The DANCE, The THEATRE, STAGE WEAR, and the THE DANSANT.

SINGLE SHOE SENT ON APPROVAL IF DESIRED.

C.O.D.—For Overseas Orders take advantage of the Post Office Cash on Delivery system where this is not available we send through any Bank. A deposit of 5/- required on all C.O.D. orders. Money instantly returned if not perfectly satisfied. Overseas postage, 3/-.

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THE GOURMET

Conducted by EMILIA

Menu of a Dinner given by Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim at the Hotel Splendide, Piccadilly

I AM giving my readers this week two interesting menus.

The first is of a dinner-dance given by Mr. Phillips Oppenheim, the well-known novelist, at the Hotel Splendide, better known as the Green Park Hotel. Mr. Oppenheim is one of the best-known gourmets of the day, besides being a most delightful host, and when there is the circumstance of a dinner ordered by a host who knows and in combination with the famous Luigi, of the Embassy Club, who has taken over the hotel, it stands to reason that the guests might expect a repast worthy of Lucullus.

With intervals for dancing the dinner occupied about two hours, which is the latest fashionable method at dinner-dances, giving the guests the opportunity of selecting their partners and dancing between each course.

The orchestra at the Hotel Splendide and the floor are both excellent, and now that the famous Luigi has taken over the management it is likely to become the rage, although I think it a pity that the name has been changed.

The menu reproduced here is autographed by M. Charles Pastori, the *maître d'hotel*.

I ALSO reproduce the menu of a special supper at the Hungaria Restaurant, signed by Joseph Vecchi and Joseph Benini, the directors of this new but very popular restaurant in Lower Regent Street, and for the gourmet who likes a change periodically in cuisine a dinner or supper at the Hungaria produces quite new flavourings. Caviar Pressé is a favoured method of treating caviar in Eastern Europe, though personally I prefer fresh caviar. Supreme de Volaille au paprica is a most delicious dish served, of course, with very small rice. The Hungaria Restaurant is famous for its Tzigane music, and last Tuesday a new Tzigane orchestra made its debut and so delighted guests that they refused to allow them to quit. Some Russian visitors gave a spontaneous and most delightful entertainment in both singing and dancing.

I understand it is advisable to book tables at the Hungaria in advance, as often diners out are unable to obtain tables without previous reservations.

Menu of a Supper at the Hungaria Restaurant where the Tzigane Orchestra performs

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Swiss Sporting Events

The following fixtures of Swiss Horse Races in 1929 have been announced by the Swiss National Touring Office:—

May 5 and 12: Races in *Zurich.*
May 12: Races in *Geneva.*
May 18 and 20: Races and Prize Jumping at *Frauenfeld.*
May 26: Races at *Aarau.*
June 2: Races and Prize Jumping at *Morges.*
June 9: Races at *Colombier.*
June 15-16: Races at *St. Gallen.*
June 29-30: Races at *Thoune.*
June 30: Races at *Yverdon.*
July 6-14: International Concours hippique at *Lucerne.*
August 18-25: Races in *Berne.*
November 3-10: International Concours hippique in *Geneva.*

Some Attractive Cruises

The Royal Mail Line cruises have always been famous for their comfort of transport and interest of places visited, and their 1929 brochures are tempting in the extreme to anyone who wishes for a most attractive holiday. The spring Mediterranean cruise in R.M.S.P. *Arcadian* embraces such magic names as Venice, Naples, Constantinople, Athens, Las Palmas, Madeira, and many other fascinating spots. Another cruise of interest is the Northern Europe cruise by R.M.S.P. *Araguaya,* which takes place in June, and the coasts of the Baltic are very lovely in the early flush of approaching summer, while the inland towns and cities are full of historical interest. The Mediterranean cruises in R.M.S.P. *Araguaya* in the summer are also most attractive. Full particulars of all these Spring and Summer cruises may be obtained from the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, America House, Cockspur Street, S.W.1, or Atlantic House, Moorgate, E.C.2, or from any of the local and provincial branches of this company.

A pleasant suggestion for a bedroom at Messrs. W. H. Gaze and Sons, Ltd., Kingston-on-Thames. The main scheme of decoration consists of papered walls, the colour notes of which are taken up on the ceiling and painted furniture. Good use has been made of a discarded doorway by forming a long mirror therein

An Artist's Widow

Although many have come forward in response to the call issued in THE BYSTANDER of December 19, 1928, for subscriptions to the Dudley Hardy Fund, more money is still urgently needed for the widow of that very clever artist. Every purchaser of a guinea ticket in this relief fund will be entitled to one of the pictures which famous artists have presented to the fund, some of which pictures are valued at as much as sixty or seventy pounds. It will be remembered that THE BYSTANDER purchased the originals of four pictures by A. K. Macdonald and presented them to the fund.

A "Bystander" Innovation

For years scientists have been trying to discover a process whereby it would be possible to photograph in colour, and now the artistic photographic world has been shaken by the fact that Colour Photographs (British and Foreign), Ltd., have made it possible to print portraits in natural colours. Appointments can be fixed at the company's studio, widely known as Raphael, of Knightsbridge, S.W.1. THE BYSTANDER is the first to publish this colour photography, an example of which is seen on the frontispiece in this number.

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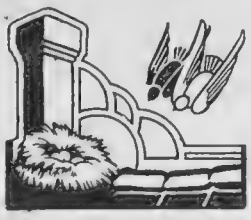

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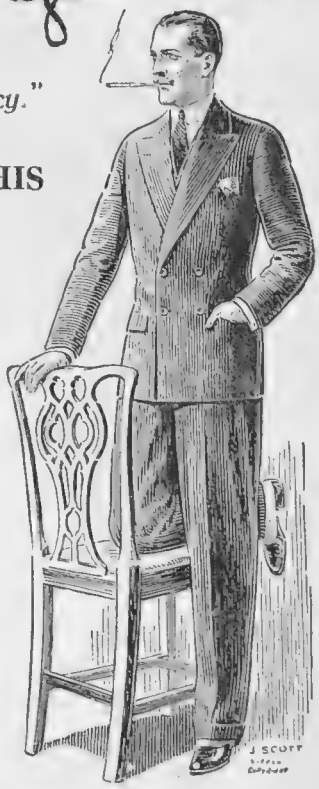

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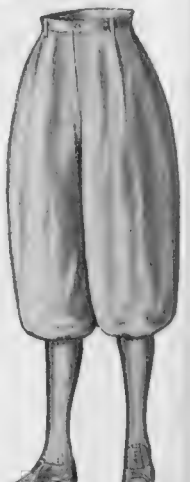

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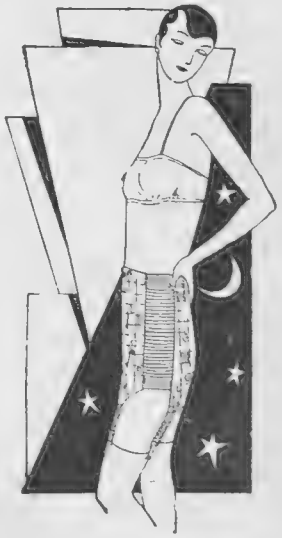

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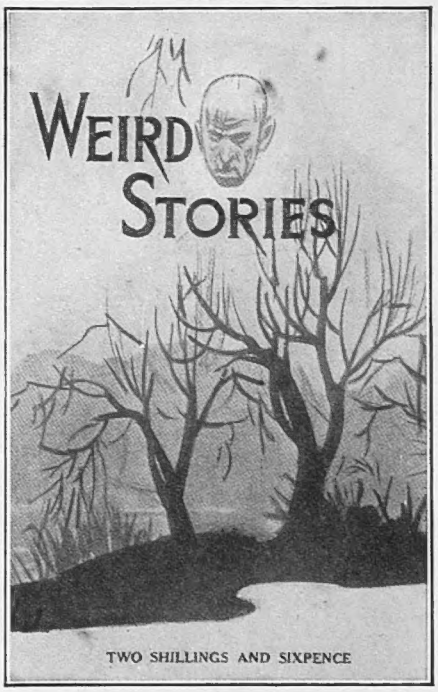

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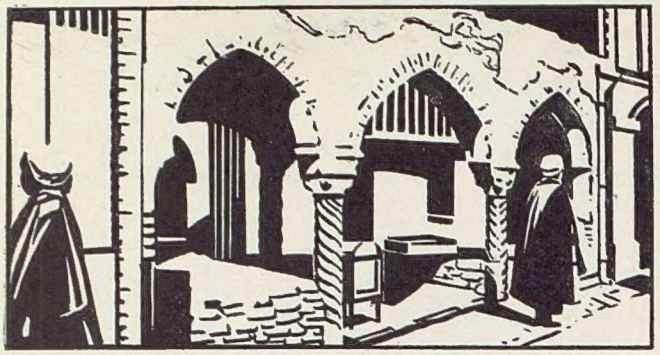

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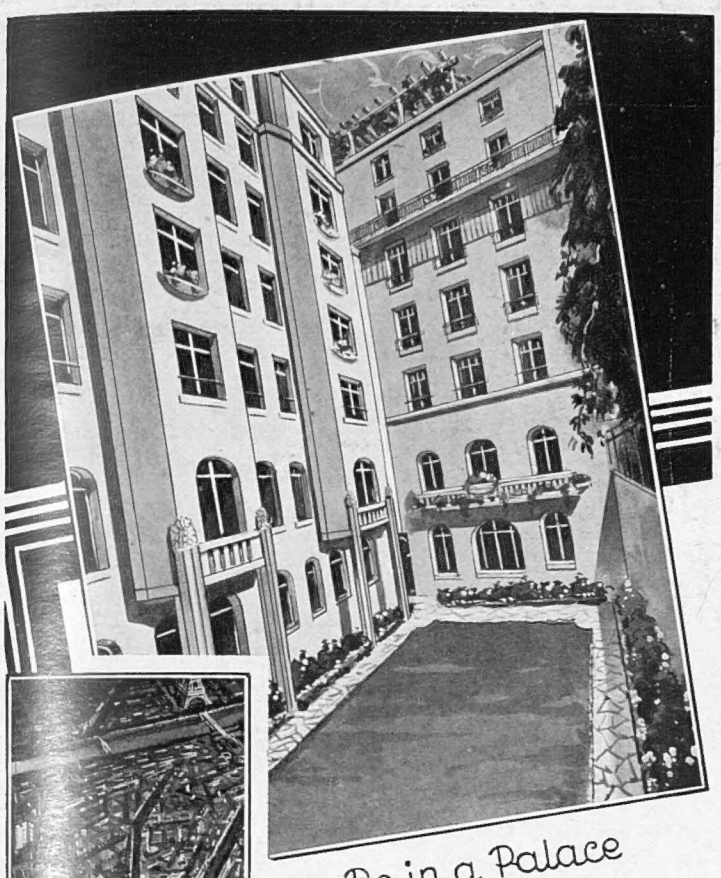

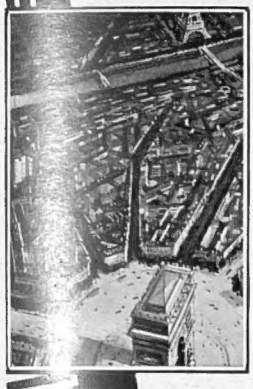

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